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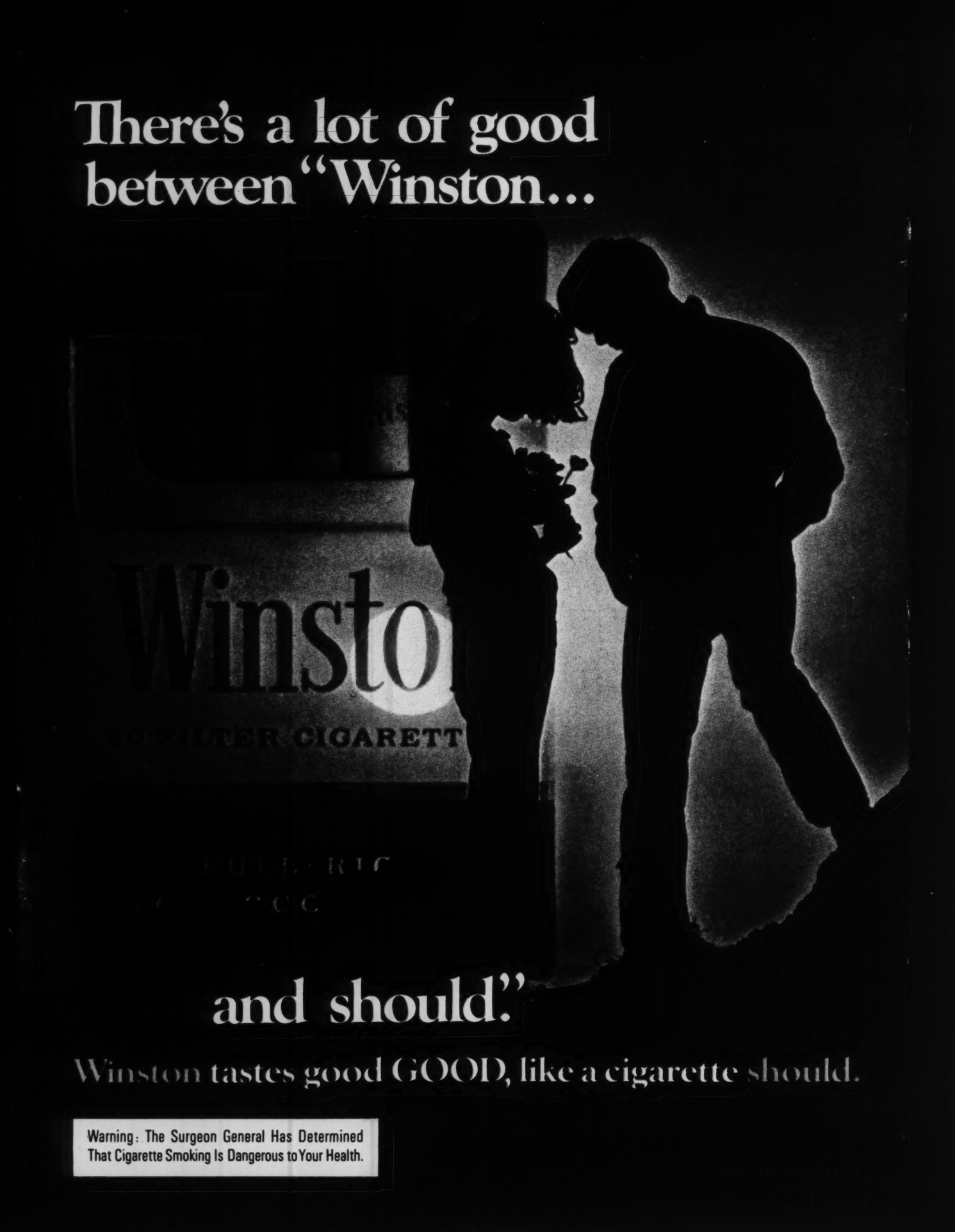

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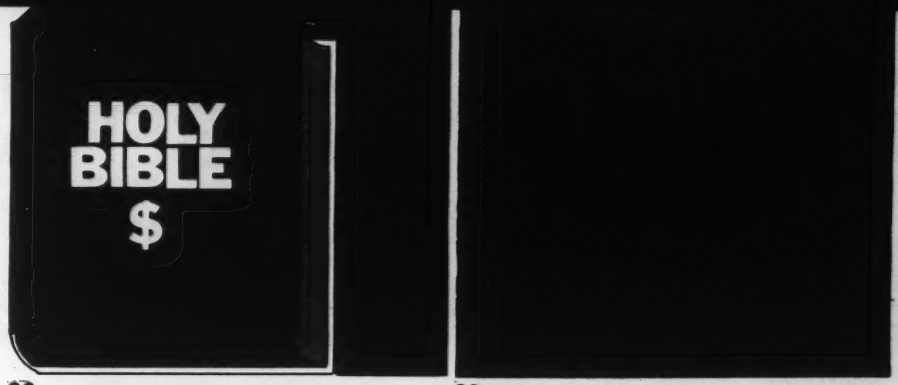

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Volume 2, Number 2

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Whippings for God *Lester Roloff, a Texas evangelist, has more irons in more fires than Elmer Gantry or Marjoe ever dreamed about. But at his homes for delinquent teenagers, girls have been beaten—and they are crying to the law* **By Molly Ivins** 20

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BEHIND THE SCENES

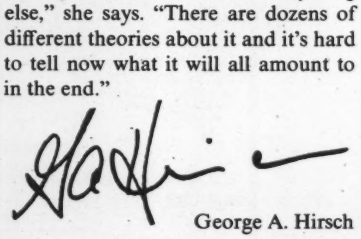
Sara Davidson

Molly Ivins

After interviewing Brother Lester Roloff, the Texas evangelist, for this issue's NEW TIMES cover story, Molly Ivins was offered a little salvation of her own. "Brother Roloff threw himself on his knees and placed his hands on my legs," she says, "and wept and prayed over me." But despite the Brother's rantings, she claims to remain "an unrepentant sinner" to this day.

Ivins has been similarly flattered by her journalistic subjects in the past. While a police reporter for the Minneapolis *Tribune*, she had a mascot pig named after her. This was the biggest honor she had received since her eighth grade homeroom in East Texas named her winner of its "smile contest" (see above). From such home-town triumphs, Ivins went on to Smith College, the Columbia School of Journalism and the Institute of Political Sciences in Paris before joining the Houston *Chronicle* as a reporter. For the past three and a half years she has been co-editor of Austin's *Texas Observer*, one of the country's foremost muckraking journals.

Contributing Editor Sara Davidson, who has written for just about every major American magazine (from *Ramparts* to *Life* to *Esquire*), has spent the past year and a half around Berkeley working on a book, "a non-fiction novel," about a group of women she knew at college there in the Free Speech days of the early '60s and "the paths their lives have taken over the past 10 years." One of the myriad of social changes to affect her characters, she says, was "the issue of how to treat your body" and the resulting fascination with everything from health food to "alternative medicine." Nowhere have new health theories been put into practice with greater vengeance than in Tijuana, whose medical "court of last hope" she reports on in this issue of NEW TIMES. But the phenomenon of unorthodox medicine is hardly limited to the practice of commerce-minded doctors in Mexico. Back in California, Davidson found doctors talking about "the new medicine," too. "It's like 'new journalism' or 'new' anything else," she says. "There are dozens of different theories about it and it's hard to tell now what it will all amount to in the end."



George A. Hirsch

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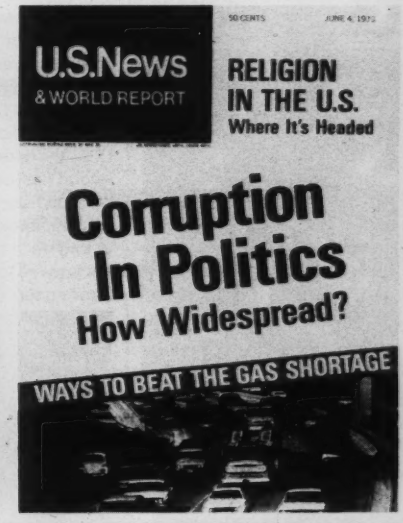

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The Insider

THE WORD

John Wayne is a pistol-packing cattle demeaner

Wayne: never read imagist poetry

The Duke vs. the Poonies

Not one to take a slap in the face from some young whelps—nor to pass up a chance for some free publicity—**John Wayne** has agreed to descend "into the pseudo-intellectual swamps of Harvard Square" to defend his new movie *McQ* against the academic jesters on the **Harvard *Lampoon*.** The Poonies had issued the following challenge to the Duke: "We've heard you're supposed to be some kind of legend. Everybody talks about your he-man prowess, your pistol-packing, rifle-toting, frontier-taming, cattle-demeaning talents, your unsurpassed greatness in the guts department. But we at the Harvard *Lampoon* tend to doubt it. You're not so tough. You've never pored through dozens of critical volumes of imagist poetry. We dare you to have it out, head on, with the young whelps here who would call the supposedly unbeatable John Wayne the biggest fraud in history."

If Wayne's written acceptance of the challenge is any sign—with lines like "I'm sorry that I can't lock horns with you because the only horns in my spread are on the cattle"—the Duke doesn't stand a chance, podnah.

They done her wrong

Mae West, who staged a one-woman campaign to keep sex on the movie screen during the dour days of the censoring Hays Office, is a lady who nonetheless knows where to draw the line. When a new Sunset Strip massage parlor opened called Diamond Lil's—the name of the hip-swinging saloon keeper Miss West created on Broadway in 1928 and brought to the movies in *She Done Him Wrong* in 1933—Mae instructed her lawyers to take the impersonators to court.

West: massaging a parlor

Henry the K rated X

Henry Kissinger—or at least a reasonable facsimile thereof—will make his animated film debut in *The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat*, a sequel to the X-rated cartoon film based on **R. Crumb's** freaked-out menagerie. Henry the K will be played by a German-accented alligator who has assumed the Presidency of a racially purified United States inhabited only by WASPS.

Kissinger: alligator facsimile

Space sexism

When **astronaut Pete Conrad** spoke last fall at the University of South Dakota, he was confronted by a sign that questioned the absence of women astronauts in the space program. Conrad glibly replied that no qualified woman had applied to NASA but that if one did, she would be "welcomed with open arms." The remark was good for a couple of laughs in the audience, but two professors—husband and wife—did not think it particularly funny. Helen and John Fremsted fired off a letter to NASA, protesting Captain Conrad's sexist comment. Conrad, they said, "was apparently contemptuous of those who had raised the questions because, at the end of the session he asked—it was his closing sentence—'Do you guys on campus feel sexually deprived?' "

Luck's out

Rod Luck, the Portland, Ore. sportscaster who was the first man unlucky enough to be arrested under a new state law which made **prostitution** illegal for both parties, recently had his guilty jury verdict overruled by a district court judge. In handing down the acquittal, the appeals judge found reason to suspect that the hooker may have been just playing up to the local vice squad. Despite the acquittal, though, Luck remains out of his $25,000-a-year television job, can't find employment anywhere else, and is now down to his last $50 in the bank. "I got a royal screwing," says the 27-year-old Luck. "As soon as you're out of the spotlight, nobody remembers your name." The question is, would changing his name change his luck?

The $400,000 misunderstanding

Richard Nixon is not the only head of government who enjoys making use of a little taxpayer cash for his personal interior decorating. In Ottawa, Canadian Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** has recently been attacked by the opposition for spending $400,000 from the Canadian treasury to improve his residence, a stone mansion built around the turn of the century.

"I don't think the people are interested in this kind of thing," allowed the millionaire PM. "Well, I think the people are interested in this kind of thing," retorted **Conservative MP Tom Cossitt.** "It's their money he's so gaily throwing around while some people are having trouble buying groceries."

"Some of the antique things are pretty darn costly," Trudeau admitted. "But if the government doesn't want them, I will buy them from the government when I leave and take them with me. If they think we've paid too much for a crystal chandelier—I'll buy it."

Trudeau: taking it with him

The marshmallow muggings

In Los Angeles the felony records of two youths arrested last Halloween for **assault with a deadly weapon** were recently ordered expunged by Superior Judge Campbell M. Lucas. The offenders, Robert E. Callendar, a student at College of the Canyons, and Randall D. Krasomil, a hospital employee, claimed in their civil suit that the criminal record had damaged their reputations and careers. The weapon? Miniature marshmallows. "None of the victims of the assault were hit with anything harder than a soft marshmallow," the suit stated, "shot [via slingshot] at a distance with slow speed over the heads of the victims, which popped down and hit the victims on the head. That would be misdemeanor battery at most." Not to mention habeas corpus marshmallowcus.

POWER POLITICS

Wallace learns a lesson from McGovern; Back-home heat on Connally; Equal Rights Amendment on the line

The Insider: Politics

The **mood in the White House** has taken a turn from bad to ugly. One government lawyer who was drafted into service to prepare Nixon's Watergate defense sat down recently over hamburger and compared working in the White House to a stretch in basic training with the National Guard.

"No one knew what they were doing then," he said, "and we sure as hell don't know what we're doing now. The only guy who sees Nixon is **Ron Ziegler,** who has the political sense of Harold Stassen and the intelligence of Joseph Montoya. **Haig?** I don't know what he did but he's really on the outs. I think part of it is he's been telling people Operation Candor is more like Operation Big Lie."

Is Nixon finished? "Well," the lawyer hestitated, "he certainly can't govern. He won't be able to govern. They ought to remove him just for that. The country can't take it. I don't honestly know if he's guilty or not. But there are guys in the White House now who are convinced he's at least guilty of impeachable offenses."

George Wallace is getting very serious about a 1976 Presidential bid. Three Washington political operatives—one on **Henry Kissinger's** staff, one from Justice, and one who worked for **George McGovern**—have already been approached by Wallace campaign manager Bill Francis (of Florida) about working for the Alabama governor in 1975. The former McGovern staffer says he turned down the offer but that "Wallace obviously learned a lesson from 1972 when he started late. This time he's really going to put together a tough staff early."

Already, Wallace's growing strength within the Democratic party is starting to worry strategists at the **Democratic National Committee.** Wallace's strategy of organizing effectively at local levels and quietly gaining influence and power within the state councils is working so well that he may end up controlling or dramatically influencing the Democratic party's mini-convention later this year in Kansas City. A strong Wallace could cause a major schism in the Democratic party, and so far liberal and moderate Democrats have done nothing to develop a counter-movement.

Wallace: a big head start

Sen. John Tower of Texas has told ex-Governor **John Connally** that, unless he devotes more time to raising money and campaigning vigorously in Texas, the state's Republican leaders are going to be lukewarm to his Presidential ambitions this year.

Whether the **Equal Rights Amendment** will be ratified in 1974 or once again dangle for another year is going to be decided in the next month. Feminists need to get favorable committee reports in at least eight state legislatures—12 begin their sessions in January and two more start in April and May. One key stumbling block—**the opposition of the AFL-CIO**—was removed in October when the labor federation finally gave its endorsement to the constitutional amendment women hope will knock down all laws that discriminate on the basis of sex.

States in which there is a good chance of ratification are: Montana, Ohio, Illinois, Maine, Missouri and Florida. States in which there is little chance are: Indiana, Arizona and Mississippi. And those states where it's up in the air are: Virginia, Georgia, South Carolina, Louisiana and Oklahoma.

Feminists say another important switch is the recent endorsement by the **Leadership Conference of Women Religious,** an organization of Catholic mother superiors working as heads of church schools. The hope is that it might counteract several other Catholic women's organizations that oppose the amendment—such as the **National Council of Catholic Women.** In testimony before the Senate in 1970 the NCC called the ERA "a threat to the nature of woman which individuates her from man in God's plan for His creation."

Pennsylvania Gov. **Milton J. Shapp** finds himself up against the legions of God in next May's Democratic primary. A Democratic state representative named **Martin P. Mullen** has just announced he will "carry the banner of God" in the primary fight against Shapp "to save the lives of thousands of innocent children." The main issue for Mullen, of course, is abortion, but he ties it together with a whole host of other bad things he feels need purging: "It has been said that evil will continue to triumph in our commonwealth . . . unless a voice is given to those legions of our population who oppose evil in the form of pornography, dirty movies, filthy magazines and newspapers which poison the minds of our youth." Whatever happened to Watergate?

THE BOTTOM LINE

The oil companies' master plan; Cigarettes race to get back on TV; The high cost of driving solo in Phoenix

The Insider : Business

It will come as no surprise to those Americans who spend their weekends cruising around, trying to find a place to fill their tanks, that not only is there little gas to be found but **there aren't as many gas stations.** Some 10,000 service stations, according to the American Petroleum Institute, have gone out of business within the past 12 months—nearly five percent of the 218,000 stations that existed a year ago.

Many of the gas stations were independent cut-rate dealers, forced out of business by short gasoline supplies. But a substantial number—perhaps the overwhelming majority—were franchised operators who leased their stations from the major oil companies—until their leases were canceled, some on unreasonably short notice. Gulf Oil, to cite one example, has closed some 3,500 service stations in the upper Midwest and Pacific Northwest alone. The oil companies argue that they are merely cutting back on the number of marginal operators. But Wayne Bowlby, of the Oregon Gasoline Dealers Association, charges that the Gulf closures are part of **an industry-wide plan to carve up the country** into separate, non-competitive markets. Under the terms of the agreement, he says, any oil company that fails to obtain a five or six percent share of local gas sales must close down its stations and return to its home territory.

This, in fact, seems to be happening all across the country. Sun Oil Co., which is strong in its Philadelphia-based home, has quietly pulled out of Chicago. ARCO is currently closing shop in the Southwest and retrenching on the West coast. Amoco, a subsidiary of Standard Oil of Indiana, is now concentrating its efforts in Detroit and Chicago—where it controls three out of every five stations—and has left the West coast market entirely.

But a great number of the gas station leases appears to have been canceled so that the oil companies involved can operate the stations on their own. "Station operators around the country are becoming more and more uneasy because of such **takeovers,"** says Jerry Kroll, president of the Service Station Dealers of Missouri. "It looks like the oil companies want to end up running all gas stations so that they can control oil and its price from the ground to the tank."—Dan Rosen

Cigarette advertising has not vanished entirely from the television screen. L&M, Viceroy and Winston are all sponsoring racing car teams this season that will be seen on the tube. They argue that sponsoring a motor racing team offers a respectable image, a youthful audience and freedom from competition that they might encounter in other media.

The paper shortage, which has affected just about every industry from packaging to publishing, is likely to be with us for at least another two years. Paper demand rose by five percent in 1973, while new papermaking capacity moved up by only one to two percent. Throughout the papermaking industry, only 16 new paper and paperboard mills started operations last year, and industry analysts predict that little more than this can be expected for 1974.

Paper industry sources argue that **anti-pollution expenditures** have eaten into their capital budgets and, with the two- or three-year start-up time needed to get a new mill into operation, there's little they can do about it. But some people are beginning to wonder whether or not the companies really want to start new mills: paper prices are skyrocketing in the short-supply situation that now exists, and a flock of new mills could only serve to drive the prices down to preshortage levels again.

Phoenix will establish **a new car pool plan** about March 1 with built-in incentives. City employees who arrive three or four in a car will be allowed to use a parking lot next to city hall at no charge. Those arriving two in a car will have to park in a lot farther away at a cost of $3.50 a month. But employees arriving in a car by themselves will have to park up to four blocks from where they work—and pay $7 a month.

ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY ZIMMERMAN

Clean getaway

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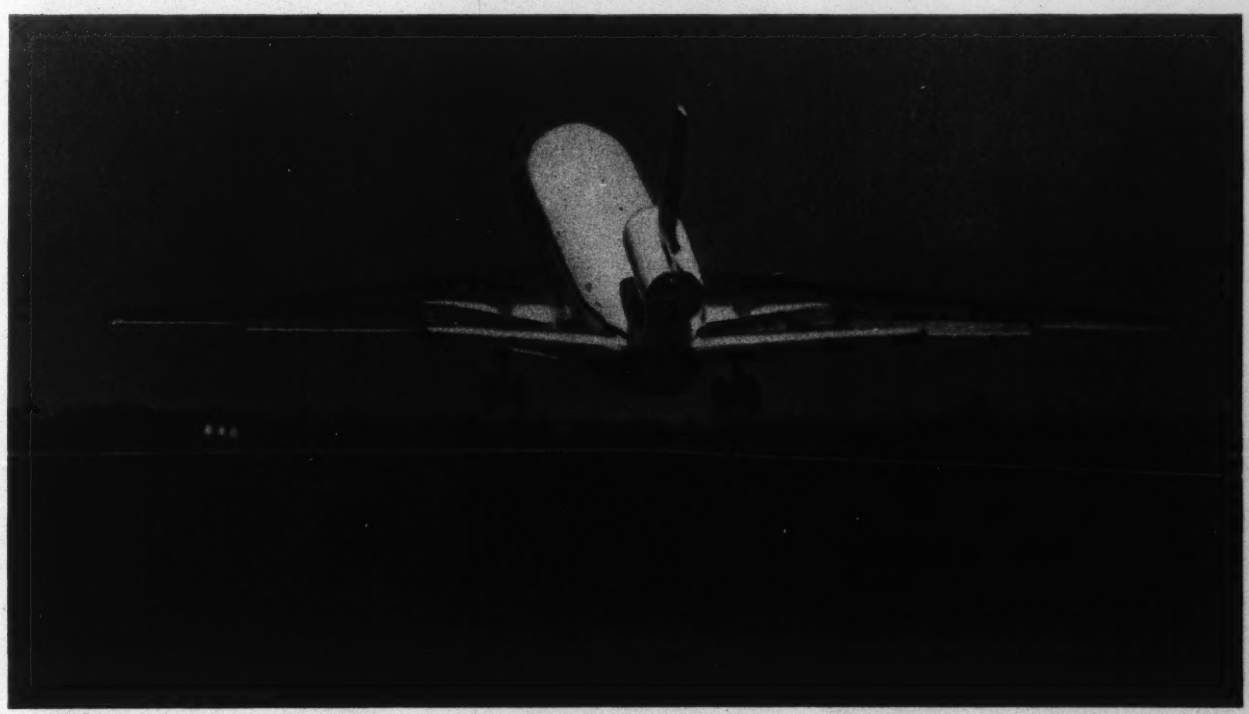

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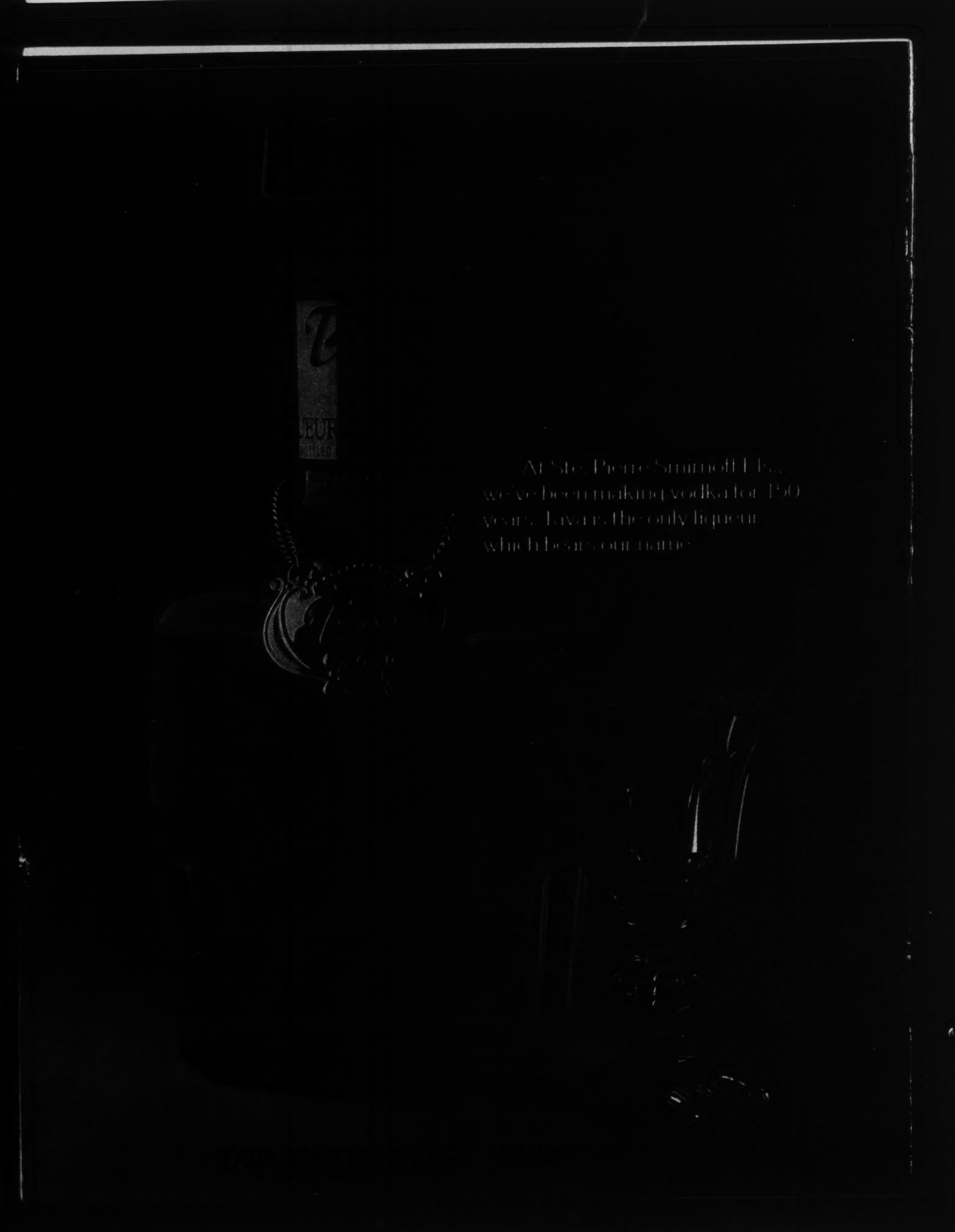
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ALIVE AND WELL

The aspirin addicts; Eyes are the mirror to health; More discipline for the martial arts

The Insider: Health

The daily consumption of aspirin in the United States has been estimated at four tons and untold numbers of people have become addicted to it. Two obstetricians at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, Richard Lewis and Joseph Schulman, report that studies of pregnant **women hooked on aspirin** (10 tablets a day) have shown that on an average their pregnancies have been extended by one to two weeks, that their labors lasted almost twice as long as women who are not aspirin addicts, and that they lost 50 percent more blood during deliveries.

For the past 11 years the **Emergency Eye Bank Network,** a group of volunteer ham radio operators in 150 cities, turn on their transistors twice daily and talk about the short supply and long demand for eyes. If a young man who has signed a card donating his eyes for a transplant dies in a car accident in Baltimore, the network finds out where in the country someone might need a new eye. Last month the network celebrated its 1000th transplant—actually a double transplant on a baby born blind. While it is difficult to determine how much the baby can see, the doctors said they were encouraged by a recent report that the child was "fascinated by Christmas tree lights."

Meanwhile, eyes are becoming a useful diagnostic barometer. According to Dr. Murray F. McCaslin of the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine, "**Eyes are the most expressive organ** in the human body. They are affected by the changes in the body and sometimes are one of the first areas a disease will manifest itself."

Diabetes, for example, can go undiagnosed without an in-depth physical examination. However, in its early stages the condition does change the refractive error (or need for glasses). An eye examination would reveal such early signs. Other illnesses that can be diagnosed early through the eye are arterial sclerosis, brain tumor, multiple sclerosis and goiter.

More than **100,000 Americans needlessly die of cancer** each year because they don't receive the proper treatment in time to cure their disease. Often it is the patient who is at fault. Dr. Thomas P. Hackett of Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital surveyed 563 patients coming to the hospital over a period of several years. Only 33.7 percent consulted a physician within the first four weeks after they first noticed symptoms of cancer.

One out of four people waited longer than six months, and 15 percent delayed more than a year before seeking medical treatment. Patients who correctly called their condition "cancer" were far quicker to seek help than people who referred to it by some euphemism.

A woman **karate** student in Atlanta recently suffered such serious liver damage from blows to her abdomen during a lesson that she had to have surgery. She is the latest in a growing number of karate class victims. "Close supervision is not only advisable but mandatory," writes Drs. Kiyohisa Hirano and Millard Seto of Honolulu. "Unless instructors of martial arts can organize and control their classes to a greater degree, we anticipate further reports of unusual injuries."

Next time you go off to the hospital for an emergency, take along all **pill bottles.** Not so much to keep them away from the kids, but so doctors can tell if the medication might counteract what they might prescribe in the hospital. The University of Chicago's Dr. Marshall Segal warns that one common but dangerous drug combination is weight reduction pills and emergency room medication given for high blood pressure.

An optimistic but **chilling note for dieters:** HEW scientists have calculated that turning down the thermostat from 72 to 60 degrees would require a person to expend an extra 100 calories a day just to maintain his body heat. In the course of a month, this would burn up nearly a pound of fat.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARK FRANKEL

THE NEW TIMES GUIDE TO THE

arts

At the movies

By Frank Rich

The Day of the Dolphin. Director Mike Nichols and his favorite screenwriter, Buck Henry, have made an animal movie, albeit in the most elegant and dramatically satisfying manner imaginable. The philosophical questions (Is man meant to domesticate dolphins? etc. etc.) are childish, the suspense is tight and the nature photography is joyous. For one of America's more important directors, the film represents something of a vacation but, given that, Nichols has gone first class.

Crazy Joe. The Gallo legend in a spiritless and sloppy re-creation. There are small incongruities (Exxon stations in 1960?) and larger ones (the Little Italy settings look like stage sets), none of which helps along Lewis John Carlino's perfunctory screenplay. Peter Boyle is a screwy, amiable choice for the title character, as is Eli Wallach in the role of the kingpin Godfather. Paula Prentiss does a bit as Joe's faithful lover, looking awful and miserable beyond words.

Don't Look Now. A fabulous exercise in style by director Nicolas Roeg, from a Daphne DuMaurier story about love, clairvoyance and death in a wintry Venice. The director orchestrates his images (grotesque gargoyles, dark catacomb-like Venetian pathways, mysterious blood-red figures) superbly, often reflecting them in shimmering canals or mirrors, until they climax in a dynamic crescendo of Poe-like terror. This technique is not labored: *Don't Look Now* is so much in control that it could serve as a model of how to shoot and edit this kind of movie. While this kind of movie (like *Performance,* which Roeg co-directed) *is* hokey and essentially thin, this one works to the limits of its nature—which can be viewed as either pop occult melodrama or obsessive 19th-century romance. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland, as a couple struggling with an unknown "danger," provide priceless elegance and conviction. Their love-making scene—interspliced with shots of their post-orgasm dressing—is as intimate and moving as any in recent memory.

Papillon. A catastrophe of major financial proportions, adapted by Dalton Trumbo and Lorenzo Semple Jr. from Henri Charriere's memoir about his years devoted to planning escapes from the French penal system. The moral has something to do with the indomitable spirit of man and all that jazz—but mostly the film is a very long rehash of scenes you've seen in dozens of other better prison-break movies. Along the way there are a few embarrassing dream sequences meant to explain character, some lush but bland scenery, a topless native girl or two and some lepers who turn out to be pretty nice guys. During the last hour, the pace accelerates and the story runs off its tracks—into incoherency. Franklin J. Schaffner's direction is glossy and overblown; on occasion, Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman get to change their make-up.

A King in New York. An eccentric, flawed and exceedingly wonderful Chaplin film, made in England in 1957 and kept out of commercial release in this country until now by the forces of McCarthyism. Although the movie is laced with satiric jokes about American TV and commercialism, Chaplin's view of HUAC is what gives the film its impact. He

Peter Boyle as Crazy Joe *in a certain Little Italy clam house: Exxon in 1960?*

eschews the shrill liberalism of the period, instead choosing to present a wide, gentle and deeply tragic picture of what happens when the kindest of people compromise their integrity. In its benignancy *A King in New York* is very much of a piece with *Monsieur Verdoux* (1947) and *The Countess from Hong Kong* (1967).

Alfredo, Alfredo. Dumb, flat Italian comedy about a shy bank clerk who gets involved with a woman who screams at the top of her lungs each time she reaches orgasm. With Dustin Hoffman. Directed by Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style*).

Sleeper. Woody Allen's vision of the future can hold its own with Stanley Kubrick's. As Allen sees it, civilization c. 2173 will have its own share of underground revolutionaries, McKuenesque poets, McDonald's hamburgers and slippery banana peels. If Allen's sense of structure and pacing were up to his genius for comic invention and social insight, he would be a great filmmaker. As it is, he's an often brilliant one, and *Sleeper*, while flagging toward the end, is the funniest movie of the year. Assisting the director-star is Diane Keaton, who does a Marlon Brando imitation to end them all and with whom it is impossible not to fall in love.

Cinderella Liberty. Cornpone with a few modern touches about a square sailor on leave who falls in love with a whore with-a-heart-of-gold and her illegitimate mulatto son. There are a few funny lines in Darryl Ponicsan's script, and James Caan, Eli Wallach and that gifted comedienne Marsha Mason make the most of them. Still, this is the kind of movie in which you hear a tough 11-year-old boy say "Nothing can make me cry" and know damn well the tears will flow by the final credits.

Serpico. Al Pacino, as a New York cop who battles the corruption of his peers, binds this film together by sheer force of personality. Sidney Lumet's direction is plodding and the Waldo Salt/Norman Wexler screenplay (from Peter Maas' book) never fills out the fascinating justice junkie of a hero. The story, though, is unique for a latter-day cops-and-robbers movie, despite a few degrading excursions into Serpico's lovelife.

Magnum Force. A drab sequel to *Dirty Harry*, with star Clint Eastwood but without director Don Siegel, in which we learn that Harry is all that stands between us and the forces of true fascism.

The Laughing Policeman. Stuart Rosenberg directed this uncommonly ugly picture about yet another cop on yet another murder case. Walter Matthau and Bruce Dern go down the drain and, by the time the movie's finished, so may your lunch.

The Sting. A convoluted "gimmick" film about two '30s con men in Chicago. It's often pleasant despite the plot's illogical twists. There are old-fashioned cinematic devices galore, lots of dime-novel lingo, some loving burnt-sienna Robert Surtees cinematography and easygoing comic performances by Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Director George Roy Hill, also of the *Butch Cassidy* gang, keeps it all moving.

Flanders, Robards and Dewhurst in Moon for the Misbegotten: *three lives in peril.*

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe. A Hitchcockian premise—an eccentric musician becomes an unwitting and unaware pawn in a battle among secret intelligence forces—is the basis for a French farce. The movie is delightful to look at, well-acted, long on charm and short on laughs. Directed by Yves Robert and starring Pierre Richard, a Gallic Danny Kaye.

La Bonne Annee (Happy New Year). Claude Lelouch (*A Man and A Woman; Money, Money, Money*) is all over the place in this engaging comedy: striking back at his critics, extolling the alleged virtues of "real" working-class men over simpering intellectuals, giving his analysis of 1960's French social history and trying feebly to say something about liberated women (his free-spirited heroine seems as mystifying to him as the sphinx). The plot deals with two professional crooks who try to knock off the Cannes branch of Van Cleef & Arpels; after this movie and *The Crook*, one gets the feeling Lelouch would be content to spin out caper films but forces himself to make "a statement" each time, despite the fact he has little to say. Ignore the cutesy-pie and soft-headed stuff and you will have a delicious time. Lino Ventura is great as the contradictory crook-hero, world-weary as well as naive, gutsy as well as bourgeois. Francoise Fabian (*My Night at Maud's*) brings more intelligence to her role than this or nearly any other film can contain; she is what great beauty is all about.

The Serpent. A yawn of an espionage thriller, not unreminiscent of *Topaz* in terms of plot, but totally lacking in excitement and point-of-view. Claude Renoir's cinematography cannot mask Henri Verneuil's ramshackle direction, which makes the familiar material seem more clammy than ever. Henry Fonda, Yul Brynner, Philippe Noiret, Dirk Bogarde and Michel Bouquet must have been on vacation when they made this one.

At the theater

By Janine Coyle

A Moon for the Misbegotten. Magnificent! All the rich grandeur of first-rate theater—a stunning play, an impeccable production with superb performances. This, Eugene O'Neil's final play, ranks among his masterpieces. O'Neil conceived the play in an attempt to explain and absolve his alcoholic brother, Jamie, who lived and died in shame. Whether or not the playwright succeeded in justifying Jamie's behavior, he unquestionably triumphed in its recounting. In the play, James "Jamie" Tyrone survives only on his reputation as actor and Lothario. Spewing phlegm and platitudes, he scarcely resembles the dapper dandy whom Broadway tarts once lusted after. Landlord of a parched Connecticut farm, he swills bonded bourbon but thirsts only for a peaceful, sleepy death. Haunted by the memory of his

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drink-inspired assaults on his mother's deathbed, Jamie aches to confess and be pardoned. Josie Hogan, a bigger-than-life earth-mother (I'm an ugly lump of a woman . . . a rough cow," she insists), provides a willing ear and ample heart. But Josie realizes she will never be more than caretaker to her "crooked goat" of a father. They will waste their lives together in a shanty that interrupts Tyrone's rock-strewn pastureland. No superlatives can convey the pure genius of the performances by Jason Robards, Colleen Dewhurst and Ed Flanders. Each brings a warm, humor-edged understanding to his role, creating an evening of theater as priceless as Arabian oil.

Holiday. Oh, the trials and tribulations of being rich—as they say, filthy rich. Philips Barry's 1928 comedy laments the plight of blue-blood hybrids, and the New Phoenix Repertory Company's revival is as crisp as new $100 bills. Will a social butterfly with 24-karat gold-tipped wings find happiness married to an enterprising moth? Most likely . . . no. Still, Johnny Case, an enterprising young lawyer, persists in wooing debutante extraordinaire, Julia Seaton. "Money is our god here," warns sister Linda, spunky forerunner of Virginia Slims' Baby, and heaven is a five-story mansion on Fifth Avenue. Daddy keeps the hatch fastened on the Seaton cornucopia, suspecting all suitors—especially those without "background." Johnny dreams of rescuing Julia from this artifice, but she is not altogether willing to leave. Though stylized comedy demands better direction than evidenced here, this lightweight production is appealing fun.

The Pajama Game. A sizzling celebration of vintage songs and rousing dances—this revival positively glows. Remember tuneful ballads like "Hey, There" and show-stopping numbers like "Steam Heat" and "Hernando's Hideaway"? Well, they're back and sounding better than ever. Bob Fosse's original staging still leaves the audience clamoring for more. Hal Linden breezes through familiar melodies with obvious delight. And Barbara McNair tops my list of this season's loveliest leading ladies. Like fine wine, age has only enhanced the charm of *Pajama Game.*

The Visit. Billionairess Clara Zachanassian forces "The Flying Dutchman" express to a halt in Gullen, so that she may visit her whistle-stop hometown. The German village barely breathes—its industry abandoned, its people penniless and spiritless. Now Clara returns with an entourage of lackeys and a promise of money to the town. But in exchange for this generosity she demands that Anton Schill, once her lover now a mousy merchant, be murdered. Schill's slanderous lies drove her from Gullen when she was 17 and seven months pregnant with his child. Clara warns, "The world made me into a whore and now I'll make it into a brothel." She offers a billion marks—can Gullen afford not to surrender Schill? Rachel Roberts, with all the debauched beauty of a Toulouse Lautrec madame seethes with bitterness and treachery as Clara. No one ever doubts she will have her revenge. John McMartin as Anton Schill is an appropriately impotent victim. Director Hal Prince, together with the superb New Phoenix Repertory Company, has given Broadway an unequivocal hit.

Chemin de Fer. Another triumph by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. Feydeau's farce combines slapstick humor with French finesse. What is there not to like? Delightful dalliances from fidelity, madcap misadventures—clownish antics played purely for laughs. Rachel Roberts—part Tammy Grimes, part Carol Channing—is irresistably indiscreet as Francine the philandering wife. Her amiable amour, John McMartin, fusses and frets comically. Edward Burbridge's sets lend perfectly to the frolic and frivolity of Feydeau's Paris.

In books

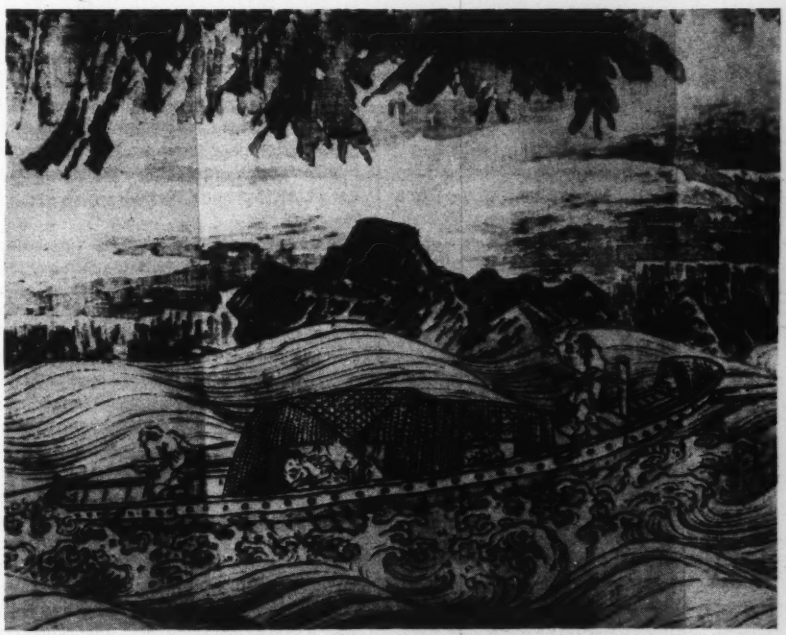
Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing: Year of the Panda *by Larry R. Collins and James K. Page Jr.* (Anchor Press/Doubleday, 164 pp., $6.95). Told with understated delight, here's everything you always wanted to know about pandas, which turn out to be quite remarkable beasts (though, appearances to the contrary, they are decidedly unhuggable). As the nation's best known pair of resident aliens this side of John and Yoko, Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing came to the Washington zoo from Peking in a straight-player deal for a couple of rheumy American musk-oxen—one of the few undisputed triumphs of the Nixon Presidency. This account of the rambunctious duo's first year here—full of furry anecdote as well as plenty of informative natural history—is good reading for every literate member of the family.—Richard Kluger

The Man Who Does As He Pleases: Poems and Prose *by Lu Yu.* Translated from the Chinese by Burton Watson (Columbia University Press, 126 pp., $6.95). This is the first translation into English of the work of one of the major poets of the era called Southern Sung (1127-1280). In 1125—the same year that Chinese poet Lu Yu was born—the Sung capital had fallen to "barbarians" from Manchuria. But the court fled south to Hangchow. A new emperor ascended the throne. And life along the Yangtze returned to its routines of occasional summer floods, insistent tax collectors, crops that failed or flourished, and the maraudings of tigers, wolves and, sometimes, bandits. Life for Lu Yu, though, was less than completely peaceful. At 20 he married ("A girl grows up hidden in far-off rooms,/ no glimpse of what may lie beyond her wall and hedge./ Then she climbs the

carriage, moves to her new lord's home;/father and mother become strangers to her then"). Lu Yu's mother disapproved; the pair were divorced in less than a year ("On the old road that runs along the rim of the swamp,/ When fox fire glimmers through drizzling rain,/ can you hear the voice crying 'Madam is cruel!'?/ Surely it's the soul of the wife sent home"). In his professional life too, Lu Yu faced difficulties; his father was one of a vocal minority that decried the Manchurian occupation of the heartland of China. Intensely patriotic, Lu Yu echoed his father's sentiments. Three times he "failed" the test for the civil service when his passing grades were changed to failing ones. He was finally admitted to the civil service, but four times his career was interrupted on what appear to have been trumped-up charges of "drunkenness and irresponsibility." He finally retired, early, on a meager pension, adopting the literary name Fang-weng—the "old man who does as he pleases." The 63 (of his almost 10,000 extant poems) included here are, on the whole, lovely, with some lines curiously like early Marguerite Duras ("Masses and masses of willow flowers on the banks of the Chialing"). The prose excerpts from his diary of an 11-month journey down the Yangtze to one of his later posts are utterly charming—enough to feed one's fantasy of China for months to come. This is a delightful book, extremely rich, rewarding reading.—Anne Schneider

Hart *by Lee Veillon* (Harper & Row, 168 pp., $5.95). Hart, the "brokeback," is one of the pale, ageless, back-alley inhabitants of New Orleans. What Hart likes best are balloons, bright helium-filled rounds of color he buys from the proceeds of his "antique business," his "partnership almost" with the mulatto he calls Candyman. Several times a week Hart scours the dumps and garbage heaps of the Quarter, picking odds and ends for Candyman to put back together, to polish, to sell to the arrogant white tourists who descend upon the Quarter over the weekend, who enter Candyman's antique store leaving fingerprints on spotless glassware, assaulting, always, Candyman's pride. What are most special to Hart though—even better than balloons—are his secret Saturday nights at Candyman's. First, Hart stops by at Madam Bess' to bathe, to drink *cafe au lait*, to deposit his money in Madam Bess' safe—and to speculate in his vague, disjointed way, about the time when he'll be "a man," when he'll be able to go upstairs like the other men to the rooms of red brocade. When he finds his father, Hart believes, when the *signs*, the omens, the fragments of unjoinable memory fit back together, *that's* when, *that's* when he'll be a man. And Candyman, every Saturday night, promises Hart to help him find his father—after dinner, after that other secret thing is over. Signs . . . Magic . . . Gris-gris . . . *Hart* is one of the most grotesque and serious indictments of magic ever published. Perhaps it's not meant to be. Perhaps it's just a novel about a sometimes sympathetic but demented misfit. Yet the equation of madness and magic seems so absolute. It's an extremely transfixing—and frightening—novel.—A.S.

The Senator from Slaughter County *by Harry M. Caudill* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 308 pp., $6.95). Slaughter County, 640 square miles of jagged landscape in an unnamed Appalachian state (a mythical hybrid of Kentucky and West Virginia), will do very nicely as a paradigm of the American landscape before we kicked the living bejesus out of it. Lawyer-muckraker Caudill shows us, in his



Detail of a boat on the Yangtze from the handscroll by a contemporary of Lu Yu.

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saga of generations in the hill country, how Eden got sacked and why even its least favored inhabitants joined in the assault. In form, this is a straight-forward novel about the manipulation of power in ways and at a velocity uniquely American; in fact, this is a primer of capitalist piggery at its most carnivorous. —R.K.

Sula *by Toni Morrison* (Knopf, 174 pp., $5.95). Shirley Ann Grau was much praised for her character, Stanley, the black retainer in *The Condor Passes.* Stanley was, reviewers told us, one of the most insightfully portrayed black people in contemporary white (that was the adjective most reviewers left out) fiction. But Grau's Stanley is like an examination of the outside of a walnut; one feels the quiet, craggy, pleasant texture of the shell. And if one doesn't know about the bitter skin inside the shell or the sweet meat, one can easily go through life—and American fiction—perfectly satisfied. What Toni Morrison did in her first novel, *The Bluest Eye,* and what she does now in *Sula,* is give us an intimate, discomfiting taste of black life—particularly the life of a black woman—in white America. The time span of *Sula* is 1919 to 1941, some of them very hard years in Medallion, Ohio, especially in the part of town "called the suburbs now, but when black people lived there it was called the Bottom." The Bottom. From which Eva Peace, Sula's grandmother, disappears briefly during those early years, leaving her starving children and returning with one leg sacrificed beneath a railroad train for a guaranteed monthly insurance check of $32. Eventually, Sula leaves too, works her way through college and wanders in loneliness—loneliest, she sometimes finds, in bed with men. She returns after 10 years to the Bottom, wandering now just in her mind, thwarted, a pariah. Toni Morrison may bring nothing new to black readers—except one of the best prose styles of anyone now publishing. But to a white reader, her work is a revelation; it's like being able to stand inside the brain of a sensitive, insightful woman—who happens to be black—and look out at the world and say, "Oh, so that's how it is." It's a very rare experience. —A.S.

The Complete Drawings of Hieronymus Bosch *by Charles Van Beuningen* (St. Martin's Press, 83 pp., hardcover $10, softcover $4.95). One of the curious things about the East Village during the reign of LSD was that apartment walls—as well as being covered by some of the least interesting "art" produced here since the 19th century—seemed incomplete without a cheap print of Bosch's *Garden of Earthly Delights.* The trendy, drug-sensitized exposure to Bosch may, in fact, have been one of the few worthwhile things to have come out of that whole ignominious period. Earlier, during another countercultural movement—if not unified then at least undulated by drugs—Bosch's work was integrated and utilized and probably formed the base of the vision that came to be called Surrealism (Magritte, for one, denies the influence of Bosch—but as Van Beuningen points out in his introduction to this extremely interesting collection of Bosch's extant drawings, the influence on Ernst, for example, or—to take it further—on the films of Cocteau, is undeniable). And without its Surrealist antecedents, avant-garde film as we know it today would be very different indeed. Without its Surrealist antecedents, Conceptual art as we know it today would probably not exist. Bosch's influence continues to exert itself in every Western art form built around or in reaction to a wrenching sense of alienation and absurdity—an odd phenomenon, perhaps, when we consider that "long categorized as a heretic by historians, Bosch was considered a profoundly religious man during his lifetime." The drawings in this collection are fascinating; their hold on the imagination is sometimes excruciating. For $4.95 for the (8½"x11¼") paperback edition it seems like wanton self-deprivation not to buy yourself a copy.—A.S.

The Juniper Tree and Other Tales from Grimm *Selected by Lore Segal and Maurice Sendak. Translated from the German by Lore Segal and Randall Jarrell. Pictures by Maurice Sendak* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 332 pp., $12.95). Whatever cautionary words one might say about *The Juniper Tree,* it's destined to wind up on every middle-class child's bookshelf. In a way, it deserves to be there: the stories are high camp, for the most part gorgeously written (and translated) and Sendak's illustrations are, as ever, *wonderful.* One tale, "Mrs. Gertrude," a two-pager in which an "obstinate and willful" little girl who does not obey her parents winds up transformed into a log to brighten the hearth of a witch (don't listen to mommy and you'll burn—one way or the other) may alone be worth the book's price; it's an exceptionally fine short story. But the real question, it seems to us, is whether you really want your children to read these items. . . . The stories are wildly sexist—as well as racist and classist. Peasant women (do consider your forebears . . .) are ugly, greedy, incompetent, with "coarse arms and legs" ("The Three Feathers"). In "Hans My Hedgehog," black skin can be changed to white (the more desirable) by a "special salve." In the same story, daughters are given away by their fathers as payment for services rendered. Throughout, male children are prized more than female children, women give birth while their husbands (kings or princes) are off hunting. Witches abound and are burned. Husbands commit bigamy, one wife being returned to her family, out of favor, used goods. Disobedient women (those who exercise minds independent of men) are literally hacked to pieces. Interior decoration is proselytized as a way to catch a prince. Wives are driving, avaricious, greedy, heartless (the momma's the real bad guy in "Hansel and Gretel"). Violence—not just sexist/sexual violence—appears throughout. And, of course, only beauties "catch" princes. . . . One could conceivably argue that Grimm is closer to the way things really are than some of the beatific non-sexist non-violent children's books now being produced. But that's your decision. To us, *The Juniper Tree* seems to demand more polemical sophistication than most children can muster. But buy a copy for yourself you'll love it. —R.K.

On records

I Got A Name *Jim Croce* (ABC/Dunhill). He had a lot of promise, and this so-so collection doesn't do him nearly as much justice as his two previous albums did. Some good, upbeat "Leroy Brown" type numbers here—"Five Short Minutes," "Workin' At The Car Wash Blues"—but there's nothing to match the poignancy of "Operator," which seems to have been his best song. However hard-hearted you may think you are, the ghostly cover art is guaranteed to jerk tears.—Janet Maslin

Black-Eyed Blues *Esther Phillips* (Kudu Records). Esther Phillips can belt a song with the best of them, only she does it with velvet gloves and a soft touch. That's not to say untough, just finely wrought. Somewhere between Sarah Vaughan, Ruth Brown and Aretha, she can also conjure the spirit of Billie Holiday, as on "I've Only Known A Stranger"—a chill-producing ballad that is easily the gem of this record. If you ignore the occasional back-up vocals and strings on an otherwise well-made album, you'll hear one of the purest singers on the commercial market in fine form.—Peter Occhiogrosso

Moses *Jerry Hahn* (Fantasy). This album, by one of the charter members of jazz-rock who's been lost in the traffic ever since is, if anything, a regression, but still manages to feature some of the least aggressive and most pleasing electric guitar in either jazz *or* rock. Unfortunately, Hahn's group sounds like a lot of West coast bands these days: meek and mellow and no match for, say, a Weather Report. But Jerry makes up for it with his gratefully understated technique on guitar—charcoal-filtered smoothness and a relaxed country-jazz amble reminiscent of early Larry Coryell at his best.—P.O.

The Complete Rachmaninoff (5 Vols. RCA). Beethoven at the piano, Bach at the organ, Paganini on the violin—the mind boggles at the prospect of hearing them oneself. Yet this prospect is a reality for one of this century's greatest musical geniuses, Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943). For the Rachmaninoff centenary RCA has rereleased in five volumes of three LPs each the complete recordings of this legendary composer, pianist and conductor, covering the years 1919 through 1942. Here, documented for posterity, are Rachmaninoff's interpretations of all his concertos and many of his solo works. He conducts the Philadelphia Orchestra in his Third Symphony and "The Isle of the Dead," plays duo sonatas with the great Viennese violinist, Fritz Kreisler, and performs solo works by other composers ranging from Bach to Scria-

Joni Mitchell: "delving deeper than ever into the implications of femininity."

bin. The sound is low fi but more than sufficient for hearing and appreciating the staggering virtuosity, incredible tonal palette and style. One can't begin to describe the felicities and insights that pour from these grooves. Beg, borrow, steal if necessary to acquire these sets—who knows if this opportunity will arise again.—Eric Kisch

Rossini, William Tell *Bacquier, Caballé, Gedda, et al.; Ambrosian Opera Chorus & Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Lamberto Gardelli, conductor* (Angel). While one would have hoped for a more cyrstallized characterization from Bacquier and cleaner phrasing and diction from Caballé, Nicolai Gedda dismisses all complaints with a sublime rendition of the fiendishly difficult role of Arnold. His is artistry of the highest caliber. The lesser roles are unusually well assigned and the Royal Philharmonic under Gardelli's adept bâton did justice to this long neglected masterpiece.—Stanley Boczek

Armed and Extremely Dangerous *The First Choice* (Bell). Months after their single hit, "Armed and Extremely Dangerous," these three beauties from Philadelphia finally released their first album. Good things come to those who wait and *"Armed"* is not merely good, it's superb. Norman Harris should be commended for his impeccable taste in arranging and producing The First Choice's debut album. They give their all to Al Green's hit "Love and Happiness" and it gets over well. Favorite—"Newsy (Nosey) Neighbors," a fast jumpin', hip bumpin', foot stomping piece that has the potential to go right to the top. It's definitely a first choice.—Cynthia Wilson

Court and Spark *Joni Mitchell* (Asylum). A true romantic once again devotes her insights to not-so-true romance, this time delving more deeply than ever into both the implications and limitations of femininity. A wide range of vocal variations here, as Joni tries out jazz ("Twisted") and semi-hard rock ("Raised on Robbery"), with masterful upbeat arrangements ("Car on a Hill," "Free Man in Paris") predominant. Her loosest, sexiest, freest sounding album ever.—J.M.

Band On The Run *Paul McCartney and Wings* (Apple). Hooray, his cute period is apparently over. Some of Paul's best melodies ever, beautifully arranged, every cut's a good one, and the lyrics—coy as ever—are charmingly avoidable this time. A real breakthrough for everyone involved, maybe even James Coburn (see album cover).—J.M.

Dylan *Bob Dylan* (Columbia). If you really respect him, then you ought to respect his judgment too. And Dylan deemed this stuff unreleasable at the time when it was recorded, back in his *Self-Portrait* days. But he has since terminated his relationship with Columbia, which means it's now open season on out-takes. The version here of "Big Yellow Taxi" will live in eternal infamy.—J.M.

Muscle of Love *Alice Cooper* (Warner Bros.). The usual tiresome perversity, a notch or two above the group's norm, and Alice's singing has improved some, as if that mattered. Sample lyric (Alice's "Summertime" parody): "Daddy-O's rich, Mama was a bitch/ Livin' wasn't easy in between." Liza Minnelli adds some divine-deco background vocals.—J.M.

Streams *Sam Rivers* (Impulse). Sam rolls along from tenor to soprano sax to flute and piano on his first album in over six years, and his finest to date, delivering a continuous monologue that takes in everything from the Best of Bop to the outskirts of avant-garde in a single rhythmic flow. The sax and flute improvisations come out stronger than the piano on this live recording, but most of the music has the smoothed-out feel of aged denim. Sam doesn't do anything flashy or radically chic, he just—aside from an occasional repetition—does it all exceptionally well.—P.O.

Puccini, Turandot *The London Philharmonic Orchestra, Zubin Mehta, Conductor* (London). Sutherland's interpretation is a commendable departure from the usual *"I AM E-E-EVIL"* portrayal of Turandot; she conveys the uncertainty and fear that is often lacking in Puccini's princess of fire and ice. Unfortunately, even the superior work by the male principals cannot diminish the fatal flaws of Mehta's inexcusably careless conducting and Caballé's lackadaisical Liu; both are capable of a good deal more artistically.—S.B.

Berlioz: La Damnation De Faust *London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Colin Davis, conductor* (Philips). This year's addition to Colin Davis' Berlioz Cycle is another winner. *La Damnation*, an "opera of the mind," is perfectly suited to the record medium, and this complete, uncut performance eclipses all competition. Tenor Gedda, in top form as Faust, is well matched by basso Bastin's sardonic Mephistopheles. Josephine Veasey is appropriately ardent and harried as the tragic Marguerite. Maestro Davis' masterly, idiomatic direction extracts every ounce of mystery and passion from the brilliant score. Indeed, much of the present Berlioz revival can be credited to Davis' championship of the composer, in the opera house and on disc. Don't miss this issue.—E.K. ●

FIRST CLASS, SECOND CLASS AND JUNK MAIL

Patient Buying

Re: Roger Rapoport's article (The Patient Auction Block—1/11): I practice in a proprietary hospital (of considerable repute) in the same general locality. And by not mentioning any of the doctors' names, Rapoport manages to tar all of us with his brush. It doesn't matter that I've never even *heard* of the practices which he mentions. It doesn't matter that I'm not only shocked but mad as hell that such practices may be going on in my very backyard. Everyone who reads the piece will assume that we're *all* on the take.

If you had any balls, you'd print the names, if for no other reason than to help us rid the profession of these vultures and thus help protect the public for whom you evidence such concern. What have you to fear, if the charges are true?

At least Rapoport did mention some hospitals by name, so that they can be shut down if the charges can be substantiated.

Robert E. Goyette, M.D.
Rolling Hills Estates, Calif.

Keep on Truckin'

The first four issues of NEW TIMES reminded me of the prize in a box of Cracker Jack. Is that it? What's it supposed to be? But lo and behold, here came issue number five (12/14). I read this copy from cover to cover in utter fascination. It was a fine assortment of well-written articles.

When I received my number six copy of NEW TIMES, I got goose pimples all over me. I couldn't believe it. An article about independent truckers. My husband has been an independent trucker for more than 30 years and one rarely reads how it really is.

Mrs. Ron Michiaels
Three Oaks, Michigan

Ideal?

The photos of sexist's "ideal woman" ("I want a woman just like the . . . 1/11) made me laugh because it proved just how racist Americans are. Your ideal woman could only be white, right?

What makes it all even funnier is that NEW TIMES is supposed to be kinda liberal? The second funny is that only an immature man (black or white) would look for an "ideal" woman.

Joan Shepard
New York, New York

Bring Us Together

NEW TIMES is liable to miss its true calling. I think you've set yourself a mission—to print the low-down on matters of public concern—that can't be accomplished in the format you chose for its accessibility and snappiness. It requires more expansive treatment and more depth. A magazine full of zippy little features with pretentions to seriousness is as satisfying as a peep show.

Nevertheless your first issues point in another, a more remarkable, direction. Because many of your writers share a populist vision of America, you have the opportunity—perhaps unparalleled since LIFE in its prime—to address and interest the diverse groups that uneasily compose our society. Imagine a magazine awaited and read with pleasure by professionals and blue-collar families, blacks and whites, Italians and Mexican-Americans. What a contribution you could make to reconciling us with one another. Not by soothing us with some fantasy of the good life of the average American (as some magazines do), but by showing us ourselves as we are, as diverse as we are, as human.

Joel Shapiro
Chicago, Illinois

The Barbara Walters Phone Call

Re: the hallucination headed "Queen Barbara" (The Word—12/14): The fact is that our London operation for the Princess Anne wedding coverage could not have been happier, more companionable and productive. Gene Farinet, *Today*'s News and Special Projects Producer, and Miss Walters got along famously from beginning to end. The only phone call she placed to me in New York was on the Sunday before the event to say how delighted she was with Farinet's ability and with the upcoming broadcast.

Stuart Schulberg
Executive Producer
Today

Check that Dream

Thanks for Arthur Hadley's column (The Fuel Crisis—12/14) on the eight-ninths of the energy-crisis iceberg still underwater. Let's hope it changed somebody's mind. But what in the *world* is Hadley talking about—attributing to environmentalists "the dream that our resources are limitless"? Environmentalists as a group have their share of dreams and demagoguery, but their approach to resources is certainly that they are *limited* and should be carefully apportioned and husbanded for the sake of the long-term public interest.

John Woodcock
former Assistant
Director, Environmental
Defense Fund
Bloomington, Indiana

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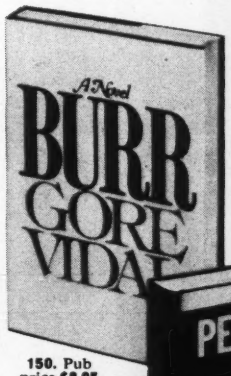

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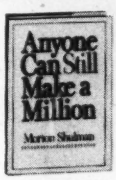

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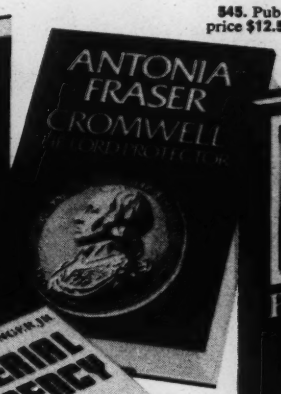

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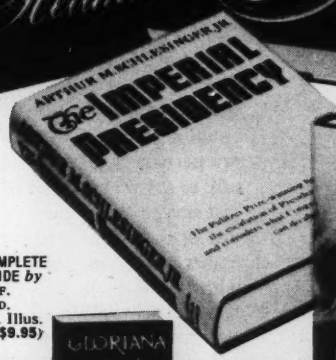

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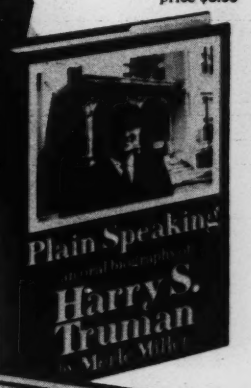

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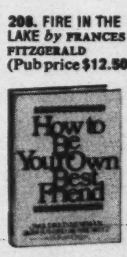

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NEW TIMES
TEXAS EVANGELIST

Whippings for God

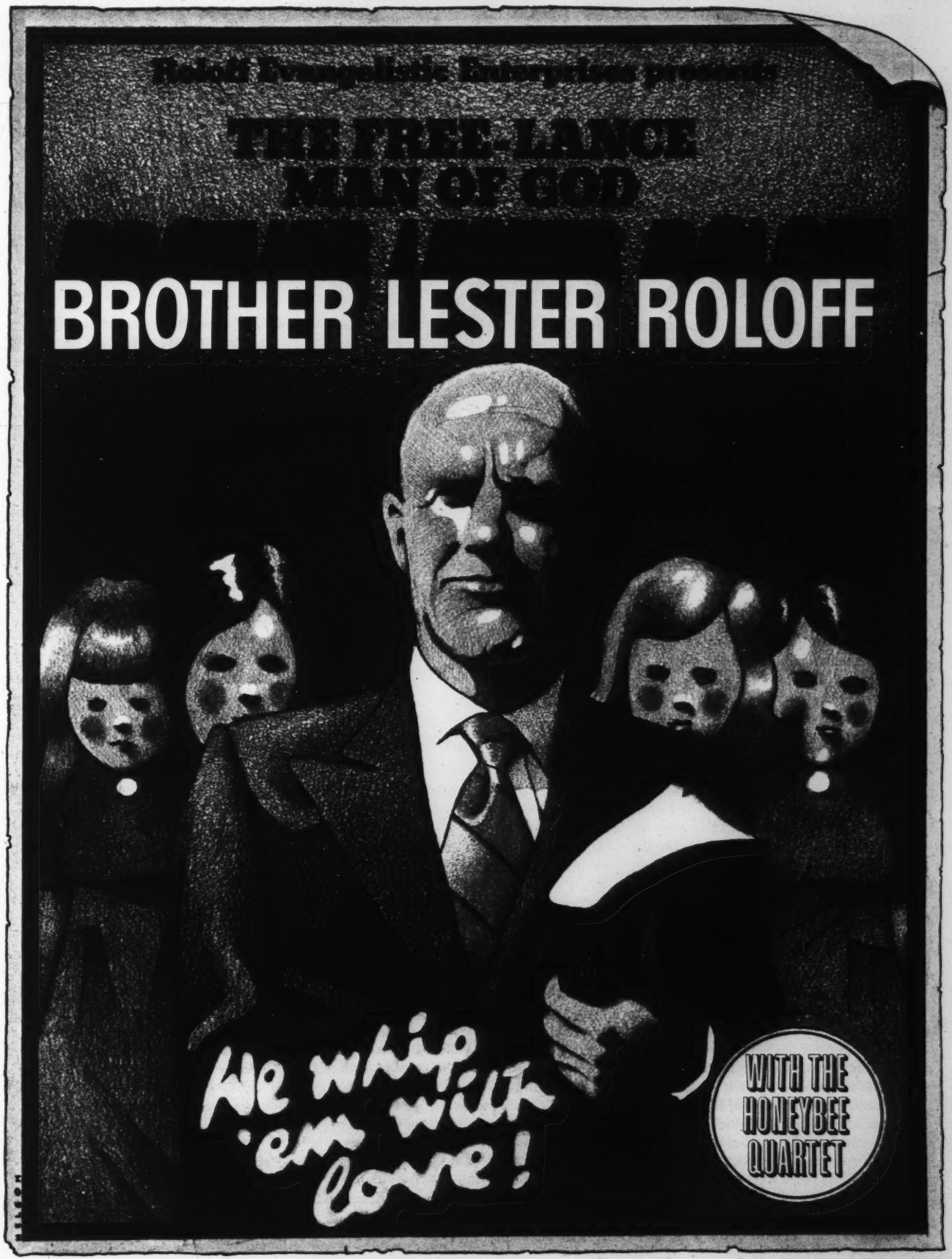
By Molly Ivins

Lester Roloff, a Texas evangelist, has more irons in more fires than Elmer Gantry or Marjoe ever dreamed about. But at his homes for delinquent teenagers, girls have been beaten—and they are crying to the law

"He was hitting her everywhere. She curled up and started screaming and jerking around on the floor. This lasted about three minutes. He kept saying, 'Admit it, admit it, you sinner.' I felt that he was enjoying it. She finally admitted it, but he did not stop beating her at that time. Finally, he yanked her up by her shirt and shoved her out the door and told her to go to her room. She was crying. I then told him I was not smoking. And he said, 'I don't believe you.' I said, 'I'm not staying here, I want to call my parents.' He told me that I could not call my parents, that my parents had left me there [with him] for good, that they were trash, that they had signed papers and were not coming back for a year and maybe longer. He said that my parents did not want me and that I could not contact them. I told him what my parents had said about being able to talk to them at the end of the month. He just smiled. I told him I was going to get out of that place. He pulled me off the couch by my arm and began hitting me with the whip. He was hitting me on my legs and my back and then he threw me on the floor. I know he kicked me in the stomach at least once and he was hitting me with the whip everywhere. I started screaming, calling him a son of a bitch and told him to go fuck himself. I tried to get away from him and kick him but was unable to. He kept calling me a sinner, a tramp and a prostitute."—Dale Stoll, 15, a former student at the Rebekah Home for Girls, testifying on August 6, 1973 before the House Human Resources Committee of the Texas legislature. Her testimony concerned an incident at the Rebekah Home in Corpus Christi after she and a friend were caught smoking a cigarette by Brother Raymond "Papa" Weatherford, the superintendent of the home which is owned and operated by Roloff Evangelistic Enterprises.

"Yes, the girls are whipped, but there has never been a permanent mark left on any girl. We use a paddle, a strap or a belt—most of the time I use my hand. We do it because we care about those girls. We

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON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THE FREE-LANCE MAN OF GOD
BROTHER LESTER ROLOFF
We whip 'em with love!
WITH THE HONEYBEE QUARTET

whip 'em with love and we weep with 'em and they love us for it."—Brother Lester Roloff, founder of Roloff Evangelistic Enterprises, during an interview October 25, 1973.

Brother Lester Roloff, who has been incorporated as Roloff Evangelistic Enterprises since 1952, is a freelance man of God. He is a small man with immense energy, as homely as a mud fence but not unattractive. He's a snappy dresser in what one reporter called "the Kansas City pimp style"—double-knits, white socks, white belt, white shirt and silver tie. Brother Roloff teaches a literal interpretation of the Bible, accepting a living Jesus Christ as a personal savior and a Devil who can take possession of bodies and souls. In his edifying pamphlet, "Wedding Bells or June with Jesus," Brother Roloff inveighs against divorce, worldly courtship, premarital sexual relations, working mothers, fatty foods, eating out, the installment plan, beauty parlors, amusements outside the home, expensive weddings and television. Here is Brother Roloff on the evils of the tube: "A Baptist preacher and his wife just met me the other day with a son who, under the awful temptation of a television program, lost control of himself and threw his mother on the floor and made an attack on her."

Brother Roloff's daily 15-minute radio broadcasts are carried by 100 Bible Belt stations and have an estimated audience of two million people. Brother Roloff, as a nonprofit religious organization, does not under the rules of the Internal Revenue Service have to file income tax, and he has made no public record of his finances. However, Brother Roloff says the IRS checks up on him all the time. Among his Evangelistic Enterprises are a home for unwed mothers in Hattiesburg, Miss., a home for the elderly near Mission, Texas, a home for alcoholics and drug addicts at Culloden, Ga. and, until recently, three unlicensed homes for delinquent teenagers in southern Texas: Rebekah, Anchor and the Lighthouse. Roloff Evangelistic Enterprises, Inc., is supported by contributions from the Faithful. The Faithful, in response to Brother Roloff's daily broadcast appeals, send him about $7,000 a day. The Faithful also gave Brother Roloff his large, new house on the Rebekah school campus. "It is the only thing in this world I am ashamed of," he told a visitor, "but the Faithful forced it on me." Most reporters who have seen it consider it worth well over $50,000. The Faithful also apparently forced a maroon Cadillac, a private airplane, a mink for his wife and land for his homes on Brother Roloff.

"If I wasn't a Christian," Roloff says, talking about a reporter, "I'd bump her off, that hypocrite"

Brother Roloff, now 59, is an ol' Baylor boy who graduated from the university in Waco, Texas, in 1939 with an AB in theology. He started out with the Southern Baptists and came to lead the Second Baptist Church of Corpus Christi in 1944. In 1951 he led a series of tent revivals on Almeda Street in Corpus Christi. The revivals featured super-loud loudspeakers, singin' and hell-fire-and-damnation preachin'. Folks started complaining to the police, who asked Roloff to desist on nuisance grounds. Roloff dared the police to arrest him on their "rotten, stinking ordinance" and told the complainants they could "go back to Russia, where they belong." Brother Roloff turned the large speakers full blast so the faithful in cars on the street could hear and then had his followers sing "The Windows of Heaven Are Open." After several nights of this, Roloff relented and moved his operation to a mobile tent with a loudspeaker trailer.

In 1954, the Texas Baptist Convention banned Roloff from the Baptist-owned station KWUB in Corpus Christi for, as a result of his "attacks against individuals, churches, schools and denominations. . . violating good broadcast practices." Roloff said the Baptists were becoming "modernistic and socialistic." He left the church and took his tent act on tour. By 1956 he had enough money to buy KWUB for himself.

There was some ill-feeling in Corpus, as the town's called locally, about the purchase at the time. Brother Roloff had put up a big sign on his church lawn that said:

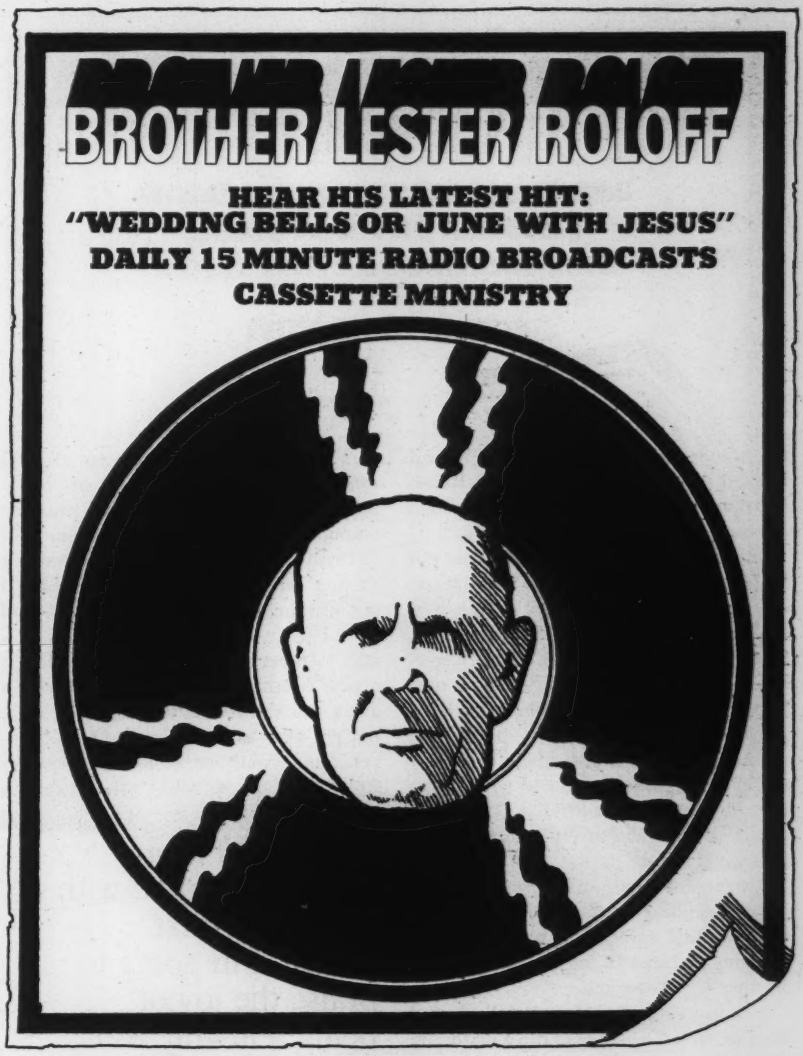
"CHRIST IS THE ANSWER—
BROTHER LESTER ROLOFF"

Some agent of the Devil changed it to: "CHRIST! IS THE ANSWER BROTHER LESTER ROLOFF?!"

Anyway, Brother Roloff's been freelancing for God ever since and the first thing you want to understand is that he is good at his profession. It doesn't matter whether or not you're into evangelizing, revivalizing or even God, you should be able to appreciate Brother Roloff's talents. Even a nonfootball fan can appreciate the artistry of Paul Warfield running a pass pattern, and Brother Roloff is one stud-hoss evangelizer.

His traveling road show, spirited about the country in his private plane, used to include a crew of young lovelies from the Rebekah Home, who could sing gospel, pray and witness for the Lord at the drop of a cue. The *creme de la creme* of the singers and testifiers for the Lord was the Honeybee Quartet: any sinner who could listen to the Honeybee Quartet without repentin' on the spot was bound to be a hard case.

For his regular Sunday service at the Rebekah Home, Roloff had a cordless mike that freed him to pace around and move into his dance. The dance generally started with Roloff going into an Elvis Presley crouch while talkin' to you, sin-


BROTHER LESTER ROLOFF
HEAR HIS LATEST HIT:
"WEDDING BELLS OR JUNE WITH JESUS"
DAILY 15 MINUTE RADIO BROADCASTS
CASSETTE MINISTRY

ners, talkin' to you 'bout the EVIL of your ways, and then he'd spring out of that crouch with one arm STRETCHED up to Jesus and strut on off across the stage.

Roloff is a master of the quick emotional switch—from the glories of GOD and His son Jesus Christ (slow, low, mellifluous tones with a four-balls baritone) to the EVIL of the Devil and all his works (shrill, fast). Pathos, bathos, ridicule, threats, pleadings, promises all whirl in and out of a Roloff sermon. Roloff is also one of the great weepers of our era. Tears veritably spurt from his eyes and drip off the end of his chin—and then he shuts them off just as suddenly as he started them. And he can be genuinely funny. Any heavy street black would listen in admiration to Brother Roloff's mordant monologue on the ridiculousness of the Texas welfare department.

But Brother Roloff's truly outstanding talent is for invective. Right now, Brother Roloff is downer on the press than anyone this side of Brother Nixon. "Bunch o' dirt-daubers, wallowing in garbage and filth," says God's freelance. "I'm not gonna grant any more interviews; I've cast all the pearls before swine I'm goin' to. I've been a preacher in Texas for 40 years and now they say I'm a crook, they compared me to Marjoe, that criminal and con man. I just wish I could trade bank accounts with him."

Among his pet aversions in the press corps is Mimi Crossley of the Houston *Post*, who turned up a little story on the "gray market" in babies Roloff has been running—placing the babies born to the delinquent girls in his homes with adoptive parents—often in return for "love gifts"—in cash—to the Enterprises. Brother Roloff describes Crossley as "a Jezebel, a harlot and an agent of the Devil." He added, "If I wasn't a Christian, I'd bump her off, that hypocrite."

One of Brother Roloff's more pleasant traits is that he is not a weaseler. Unlike some other prominent figures currently in trouble with the law and the press, Brother Roloff is very up front about his activities. He did respond to this reporter's questions. Ask him about the gray market in babies. "We always place them with the Faithful. We've never placed a one in a home where there was ever a drink taken or a cigarette smoked." Ask him about the fact that the children in his homes were given only two meals a day and one on Sundays. "It's in the Bible. We don't need three meals a day and snacks, like it says in the welfare regulations. We eat two meals a day of fruits and vegetables and we have the healthiest girls of any home in the U.S. and never has a one died. Sometimes we get 'em apples from our property in the [Rio Grande] Valley and those girls just gorge themselves on apples." Ask him about the fact that the girls are required to do field work on the farm adjoining the Rebekah Home. "Only during harvest time and then only after school. And the girls just love it, they sing as they work." Ask him about what are by now dozens of documented cases of beatings at his schools. "Better a pink bottom than a black soul."

Brother Roloff's current legal problems have come to a standoff between him and an opponent who deserves him, the ever-undynamic Texas Department of Public Welfare. The DPW has the responsibility for licensing child-care facilities in the state. A fire under DPW's collective butt started earlier this year after an east Texas school, licensed by the department, turned up with one dead pupil. The head of the school has since been indicted for murder and a *mondo bizarro* flood of stories came out about kids being locked in cages and forced to take cold water baths while scrubbing with wire brushes. With that adventure on the books, the House Human Resources Committee, which is, according to those investigated by it, dominated by a bunch of commie, pinko radicals (known in the outside world as moderate liberals) started to poke into the DPW's licensing procedures. The committee also took a bleeding-heart look at

the homes to which even the DPW had refused to grant licenses. Brother Roloff had operated homes for 16 years without a license.

It is not that Brother Roloff has not had previous trouble with the laws. He has at various times been forced to move his homes from Oklahoma, Edinburg, Texas, Lee County, Texas, and Katy, Texas. A grand jury in Hattiesburg, Miss. is now investigating Brother Roloff's home there. According to Crossley's story in the *Post*, of 16 babies born to girls there from early spring through September of 1973, three have gone to the Faithful in Texas and others to the Faithful in Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Florida, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Louisiana. Several of those states, including Texas, have laws requiring interstate agreements and bonds for bringing children in for adoption, which Brother Roloff ignored.

In 1970, Georgia officials denied Brother Roloff a license to run a maternity home at Culloden when they found he was keeping 20 pregnant girls at his City of Refuge at Culloden along with female alcoholics and addicts who were being Saved without benefit of medical or psychiatric help. The fees for adopting the babies ranged from $600 to $900 and in at least some proven cases the couples gave, in addition, "love gifts" to Brother Roloff's ministry. As for PSY-chiatrists and PSY-chologists, who needs 'em, asks Brother Roloff. If the Lord doesn't know more than a shrink, you can kiss Brother Roloff's Bible. Well, what with the newspapers after him and the Human Resources Committee and some good work done by the local laws in Corpus Christi, the DPW finally told Brother Roloff to shape up or shut down.

Chief among the charges against his various homes is brutality. Some of the children at the homes and some of Brother Roloff's followers have made sworn statements about beatings with whips, paddles and fists. One girl at Rebekah Home was held upside down by her legs while two men beat her. The girls were not allowed television, radio, magazines or newspapers. The physical education program amounted to long periods of indoor confinement. Beatings were meted out for singing "worldly songs," stealing food and not finishing lessons. One child was locked up for three weeks for talking back to a staff member. Another was handcuffed to a post overnight for having tried to run away. All the rooms in the school were bugged with two-way intercoms so conversations could be monitored. Brother Roloff was told he could either meet the minimal (very minimal) licensing standards set out by the DPW or he could say goodbye to the Rebekah Home, the Anchor Home for Boys in Zapata County and the Lighthouse Home for Boys on Padre Island. DPW requirements stipulate that homes feed kids three times a day, have them taught by accredited teachers and give them sex education. SEX EDUCATION! Never, said Brother Roloff. The DPW said Brother Roloff himself could teach the sex ed course, he could use the Old Testament, the New Testament, the Ten Commandments or anything else he wanted for a text. For reasons Brother Roloff failed to make perfectly clear during our interviews, teaching promiscuous teenagers about sex is against the Lord's law.

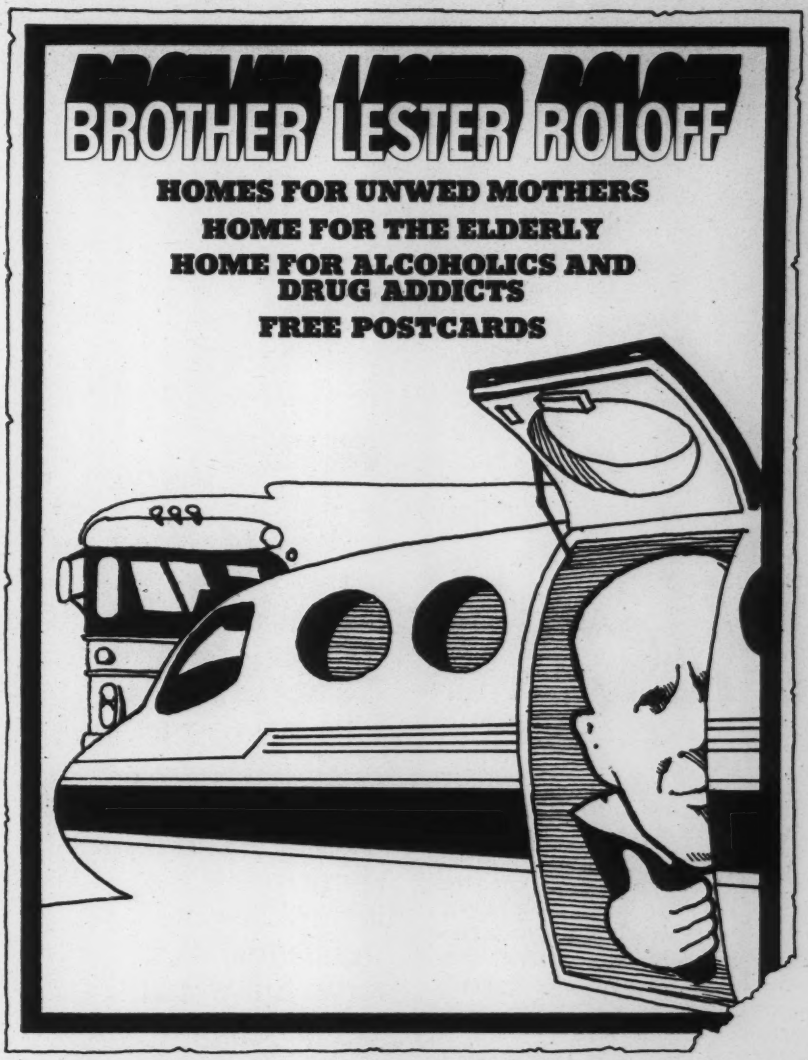
> Roloff told a rally he was "charged with love in the first degree. I'm going to praise the joy of being a lawbreaker"

The state finally got in gear on August 3 and shut down the Lighthouse. District Judge Walter Dunham of Corpus Christi gave Brother Roloff until October 1 to either get a license for the Rebekah and Anchor Homes or get shut down. October 1 came and went and Dunham granted an extension to October 14. October 14 came and went and Dunham set a hearing for October 25 at which Brother Lester was to show cause why he should not be held in contempt.

During the extensions and delays, Brother Roloff was engaged in frantic negotiations with state authorities. He hired a high-powered lobbyist and a high-powered public relations man to help him fight through the bureaucracy in the state capital. Meanwhile, the Faithful were weighing in, writing letters at Brother Roloff's request to everybody who was picking on him. The Corpus Christi *Caller-Times* said it had received more letters-to-the-editor about Brother Roloff than any other story it had ever dealt with. Mimi Crossley was getting more hate mail than she'd ever dreamed of. Governor Dolph Briscoe said most of his mail was about rattlesnakes and Roloff. Brother Roloff kept telling the folks in DPW that he couldn't deal with people who weren't Saved.

At this point, Brother Roloff's lobbyist and his PR man arranged for Brother Roloff to have a personal interview with Attorney General John Hill, whose staff was prosecuting the contempt case against Brother Roloff. Now John Hill is one high-powered lawyer his own self. He made a big name and big money in Houston as a plaintiff's attorney. The lobbyist and the PR man, both of whom were to be fired the next week, prepped Brother Roloff carefully for his last shot—he had to come in and show Hill that he was working in good faith to meet the law's requirements, that all he needed was time. The lobbyist, the PR man, Hill and a clutch of assistant attorneys general all showed up at the appointed hour and waited.

In came Brother Roloff with the Honeybee Quartet in tow. As Brother Roloff prayed and wept for the salvation of John Hill's soul, the Honeybee Quartet sang and testified. It may have been the strangest interview ever held in the attor-



ney general's office. Hill, that noted trial lawyer, reportedly sat dumbfounded through most of it. He did recover long enough, when Brother Roloff got off his pink bottoms/black souls line, to pull out some pictures of kids at the Anchor Home, who had had the Devil beaten out of them, and to say, "I don't object to pink bottoms. What I do object to is black, blue and bloody." The Honeybee Quartet started singing again.

On October 25, Judge Dunham found Brother Roloff guilty of contempt by virtue of the fact that there were still students at the Rebekah and Anchor Homes. He fined the Brother $500. Dunham held the fine in abeyance until November 9. Then Brother Roloff refused to pay it. Judge Dunham got testy and on November 27 ordered sheriff's deputies to go out to the Rebekah Home and cart off $500 worth of Brother Roloff's property to satisfy the fine. On December 3, Brother Roloff appeared and paid the fine in cash. He said he had paid it "because they just don't take away the Lord's property." He further said he had been prepared to pay the fine on the 27th, but just wanted to see if the law would actually come out and take his stuff.

On November 21 Brother Roloff had told a rally of 3,500 of the Faithful in Dallas that he was "charged with love in the first degree. I'm going to praise the joy of being a lawbreaker . . . regulations are not for anybody but sissies, modernists and liberals." That same night, Brother Roloff asked 1,000 of the Faithful to give him checks for $1,000 each. He said it was for a project "that I can't tell you what it is, but God told me to do it years ago." He may need that money. The director of DPW's licensing division has announced that he intends to get the attorney general's office to demand $500 for every day Brother Roloff keeps kids in his care.

Brother Roloff has been trying. He had 270 girls at Rebekah before all this started and there are now maybe 10 or so and they're all living in trailer homes with members of the school's staff, not in the dorms. Nobody knows how many boys remain because Brother Harmon Oxford, who runs the home, refused to let a social worker from the DPW inspect either the records or the premises of the Anchor Home. This was in direct defiance of the court's order. Brother Oxford told the social worker, "I'll see you in court."

Brother Roloff is eloquent in the courtroom about why he still has these kids on his hands. Their parents can't be found, don't want 'em—does the judge expect him to throw these poor little children out on the street? Do you know what's happened to the other girls since he had to disperse 'em? One's dead. One's in jail. One's back on drugs. (It seems to depend on what time of day you ask Brother Roloff about these dismal fates. The same day he gave the above testimony in court, Brother Roloff told an interviewer that, "There are two missing, one is on the streets and one in a reformatory.") It is not simply letter-of-the-law smallmindedness that makes the state consider asking Brother Roloff for $500 a day for keeping 10 unwanted children. The laws are anxious because Brother Roloff has this history of just picking up his schools that get in trouble and moving them. Trailer homes are handy for that.

Mrs. Robert Stoll, testifying on what had happened to her daughter at the Rebekah home and what Brother Roloff had said to her on the telephone: "I told him about the doctor's report on the bruises and Roloff said, 'You must be mistaken. They are very dear, sweet people out there at the Home and they wouldn't do anything like that.' He said, 'If she has got any bruises on her she got them after she left there. And I would be very careful if I were you about what you report and what kind of lies you tell because we are doing the work of God and we do not take a cent for ourselves.'

"I told him, 'We must believe in different Gods.' And I hung up." ●

The Mondale myth

By Wallace Roberts

The Democrat from Minnesota is the liberals' favorite Presidential dark horse. But would they love him in the White House as they do in the Senate?

In his nine years in the Senate, Walter Mondale of Minnesota has become known as the champion of the powerless, a concerned defender of the Great Society who has fought the good fight against the onslaught of the Nixon Huns. When other liberals have waffled, he has stood fast, a man of integrity. He has become known as a rare pol who plays it straight. That is his image.

One morning in early December Mondale and I went to a Senate dining room for coffee. I had met him the previous week, but only for small talk and observation. Now I had my pad and questions spread out on the linen, pen in hand. No more small talk, I thought. A black waitress took our order and asked, Didn't we want some breakfast, it was fried fish today? Mondale said, No, the coffee would be fine, but what kind of fish was it? She had started to go get the coffee, but turned and came back and said she wasn't sure, probably halibut, and she turned to go again. Mondale brought her back once more with another question: Where was the fish caught, or something like that. Then while she stood there, waiting for him to finish whatever this nonsense was about fish he wasn't going to order anyway, he explained the virtues of Minnesota pike and promised to bring her some from his next ice fishing trip—all the while glancing at me. I was impatient to get started with the interview, but gradually I realized something was going on—that he was performing, showing me his genuine concern and warmth for blacks.

Mondale often has been described as "one of the faceless men" of the Senate. "Faceless" he is to most of the nation. But close up, Mondale's face is distinctive. His smooth, round cheeks and the permanent bags under his eyes make him look like a tired cherub. He's not innocent, though, and there is a wart on his face.

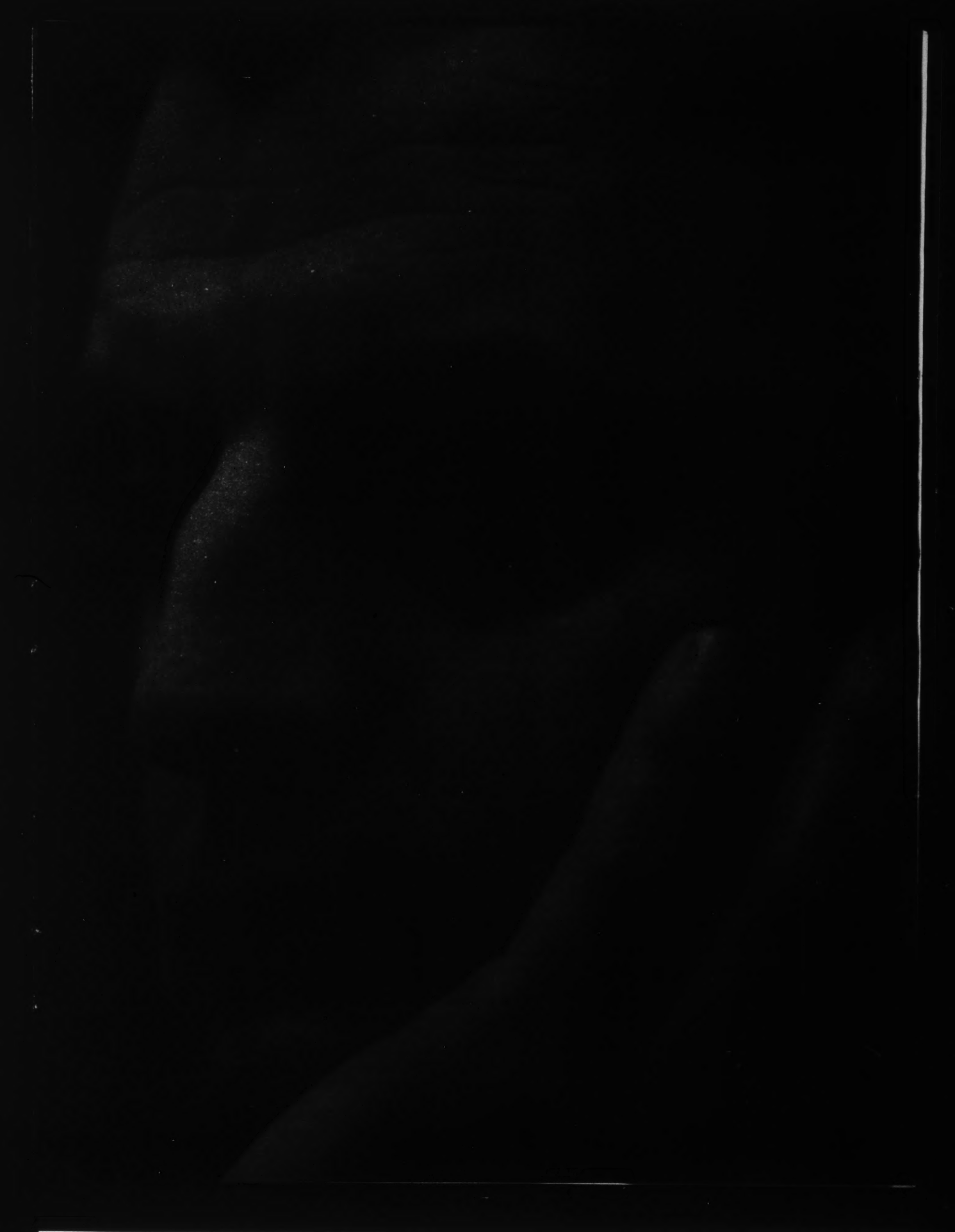
Ernie Lotito, Mondale's press secretary, says, "There are a lot of guys on the Hill I couldn't work for, but at least he's got his heart in the right place." Everyone says Walter Mondale has his heart in the right place. Everyone but George Will, the conservative columnist, who says Mondale has mush in his mouth. Psychiatrist Robert Coles praises Mondale's thankless perseverance in attempting to salvage social-welfare legislation and aid for the poor, the blacks, Indians, migrants and the aged. TRB, the *New Republic* columnist, shuffles around Capitol Hill, reading Catherine Drinker Bowen's *Miracle at Philadelphia* and looking for a man of comparable character on the current scene; he sees only Mondale.

On election night, 1972, Mondale was embraced by Hubert Humphrey on national television and proclaimed to be the hope of '76. Since then, Mondale has been carefully increasing his exposure. On a *Meet the Press* appearance last fall he described himself as "a pragmatic, progressive Democrat," who, yes, was already running for the Presidency. There was "no reason to be cute about it," he said. He was at "a very preliminary stage." He said that he had "made no decision," but had been "exploring that question," giving speeches around the country and talking with "political leaders and public leaders."

At the height of the 1968 Presidential campaign, Mondale, then the junior Senator from Minnesota, was managing the delegate roundup for his mentor, Hubert Humphrey. One day, on a trip to Louisville, Mondale dodged some photo-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STANLEY TRETICK

Wallace Roberts, a Washington freelance, has been published in The Washington Monthly, New Republic *and* The Nation.



graphers at the airport so no pictures would be taken of him with a group of placard-bearing McCarthy supporters he happened to encounter there. At the time some saw him as a brass Boy Scout, others as part of the core of a revitalized Democratic party and, by way of pointing up his radical beginnings, he described himself as "the Al Lowenstein of 1948." Now, he is the senior Senator from Minnesota, and he may want to have his heart in the right place, but there are other loyalties and he is still dodging wise-guy photographers and trying to be faithful to the "process" above all else.

Walter Frederick Mondale, 46, entered politics in 1948, his second year at Macalester College, when he helped throw the "comsymps" out of the newly merged Democrat-Farm Labor party and invited Henry Wallace to speak on campus. That summer Mondale gave up his job as a Green Giant pea lice inspector to be a volunteer in Humphrey's first Senate campaign. After the election Mondale went to Washington for a year as executive secretary of the liberal Students for Democratic Action. Then it was back to the U. of Minnesota for a *cum laude* in political science and law school. After two years in the Army and a year clerking for a state supreme court judge, he began his apprenticeship in Orvil Freeman's politically powerful law firm.

At the age of 30 Mondale started his own law firm and also managed Freeman's victorious third-term gubernatorial campaign. Mondale was then appointed a special attorney general, one of the few patronage jobs available in the clean machinery of Minnesota politics. In 1962 he was elected attorney general, and in that office he became an early advocate of consumer protection, an opponent of milk marketing barriers and an ally of Clarence Earl Gideon in his fight, as an alleged felon, to be defended by a court-appointed lawyer. Mondale received his biggest publicity when he successfully prosecuted some officers of the Sister Kenny Foundation who had embezzled much of the charity's proceeds. A few weeks ago, at a meeting of CPAs in a subterranean conference room of the Washington Hilton, he was still talking about that case.

He was a few minutes late arriving at the meeting but stopped at the door to chat with some conference officials while others ran off to get everyone seated. He turned to go in, then abruptly went back and introduced himself to the man and woman working at the information desk. At the dais, after telling a joke about the Boston Strangler and Nixon and another about politicians as door-to-door salesmen, he mentioned the Sister Kenny scandal and talked of the honest CPAs who refused to juggle the books, of the crooks who did, of the need for integrity and reform. "The heart of both our professions is to keep our houses clean," he said. He did not mention the fact that it was his predecessor who had started the Sister Kenny investigation.

A strong Presidency is necessary for reform, he said. No, I countered, what is holy is Mother Russia, not the czar

When Mondale speaks in public, he seems hesitant about coming on strong. His hands do not wave in the air for emphasis; they are either in his coat pockets, at the edge of the lectern or held close in front of him, the fingers tightly interlaced. The speech this day is off the cuff and he is not glib. Besides, he said to his aides as he walked out, taxes will put anyone to sleep. But he spent only part of his time on taxes. Most of his talk turned out to be a rehearsal for what he would say in the Senate later in the day when debating against a filibuster by Nixon forces, who were trying to defeat a measure sponsored by Mondale and other liberals proposing reforms in the election laws.

In the car on the way to the Hill, I asked him about the reception he'd been getting as he flew about the country speaking to small groups of important local Democrats. He said it had been pretty good, but it was hard to tell yet whether he had a chance. "I've got to present myself first to the party as a viable, credible candidate; we'll see after that." He is an unknown, but these days that's an advantage, as Campaign Manager Berman likes to point out. When Mondale decides to "go for the bacon," he'll have to get exposure, Berman told me. Scoop Jackson's hot these days because of the oil crisis, Berman said, and Kennedy might not run. Even if Kennedy does run, Berman says it won't hurt Mondale to contest him in a few primaries for the publicity; he can always say he was defeated by the Kennedy machine and get ready for next time. Mondale himself tells those small audiences around the country: "It doesn't have to be me, but we've got to have a candidate who will restore faith in the office and in government."

Which is precisely the issue, it seems, the way we pin our hopes on the man and the office of the Presidency, not on the people and the processes the people can use to empower themselves. In one conversation we had, Mondale said he believes in a strong Presidency and that he saw no contradiction between that and his advocacy of "empowering the powerless" or the fact that our experience with strong Presidents in the recent past has not been an unqualified success. No, he maintained, a strong Presidency is necessary for reform. No, I countered, what is holy is Mother Russia, not the czar.

We went on like that, reciting our lines to each other, both of us becoming depressed. At the end he asked where I

Fritz at home with wife Joan and children.

was from. I said New York and he nodded, "Ah ha. No one from there can be optimistic." He said he came from a place where there are real grounds for optimism. I decided I had to go there.

Out there, in Minnesota, Mondale's friend and sometime aide Jim Johnson, a young Minneapolis retail-chain executive, made a point of emphasizing Fritz's "real sincerity." Indeed, Mondale's capacity for warmth appears to be larger than that of other politicians. Fritz, Johnson said, really gets upset by what he sees at migrant camps and on Indian reservations. Another friend of Mondale's described the Senator's conversion speech on the war at the Macalester College Moratorium Day in 1969 as a "noisy, lachrymose public *mea culpa*, really almost unseemly." He said that Mondale had been very naive about the war when he first went to Washington, a fact which Mondale concedes, as he does also the fact that as Humphrey's protégé, he was boxed in. The friend said that Mondale, like many others, accepted the official version of the war, that "he really fell for the con job and tailored fatigues" on his trip to Vietnam, but that the conversion speech had been genuine, the result of a good deal of anguished thought. Mondale, he said, still agonizes. Fifteen minutes after Nixon's '72 inaugural speech this friend got a call from the Senator in Washington. "He was really down in the mouth, completely heartbroken for the country, and he just wanted to unload with me."

Fritz Mondale is a small-town boy and he gushes a bit sometimes. When the members of the Washington press corps talk about this part of him they wince, for they like him. "He's a good guy to go fishing with," one of them said. They also respect him, not so much for his politics as for the fact that, more than most of the men they cover, he often knows what he is talking about. Mondale is one of the few members of Congress who does his homework. On certain "low-profile" issues he is, as they say, very good: the space shuttle, aircraft carriers, social-service regulations (with some fast math work he was able to force a chagrined HEW Secretary Casper Weinberger to admit that a Nixon bill would provide an incentive to welfare recipients to *stay on* the rolls), open housing, meat inspection and defective automobile recall.

On the more controversial issues, such as busing, he takes the stands that have made his reputation. He became known as the "Mr. Busing" of the Senate for saying, "If a court has no way to enforce a desegregation order other than busing, it should be allowed to do it." Of course, it's easy to take such stands because Minnesota's population is only two percent black. His base is secure, he's the most popular vote-getter in the state and he has used that fact to fight for the whole range of social-welfare legislation necessary to meliorate the lives of the victims of this society. He says he wants to give them jobs and dignity, not handouts and shoddy public housing. There is a limit, however, to the extent Walter Mondale is willing to empower the powerless.

He learned his politics in Minnesota, and if the state were the nation there would be no threat of a police state. Politics are almost clean in Minnesota, because there reform is politics the way graft is politics in New Jersey and chaos is politics in New York. Sure, sometimes Minnesota politicians play it fast and loose as pols anywhere, but the system is about as open as it can be, primarily because state law requires biennial party caucuses in every voting precinct. The date, time and locations of the meetings must be well publicized and, most important, they are open to the public, not as an audience but as participants. The caucuses elect delegates to ward and county meetings, which in turn choose delegates to the state party convention that nominates candidates for public of-

fices. Delegates from each level are pledged to support designated issues and candidates. The fact that the precinct meetings are open means, of course, they can be packed by any group that wants the party to go in its direction. As Howard Kaibel, a young member of the Democrat-Farm Labor party summed it up, "The precinct meetings were where McCarthy got his real start in '68. We just swamped them with supporters of the war. Goldwater people did it in '64 at the Republican caucuses. If people care enough here, all they have to do is get off their asses and down to the precinct meetings. The system works here and everyone in Minnesota knows it."

Hannah Arendt identifies this process as the instrument necessary to implement the American Revolution, and Jefferson's only regret about the Constitution was the omission of open-precinct caucuses. They have it in Minnesota, and it's part of what made Fritz Mondale.

Another thing that made him is his loyalty to other politicians. He was appointed, by Orvil Freeman, Minnesota attorney general before he was elected, and he was appointed to the Senate before he was elected. As attorney general in 1964, Mondale was Hubert Humphrey's chief political lieutentant at the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City. Humphrey was to be named Vice-President and was charged by Lyndon Johnson with settling quietly the challenge to the seating of the regular state delegation by the Mississippi Freedom Democratic party. "Consensus" Johnson wanted a unified convention, his own crowning glory. There were to be no floor fights, no walkouts by the Southern delegation. Goldwater was a menace. Compromise. Humphrey had Mondale named chairman of the credentials subcommittee set up to resolve the Mississippi challenge. As chairman, Mondale served as the end of the conduit of instructions that ran from Johnson through his aide Walter Jenkins, who was tucked away in one of the hotel rooms with a direct line to the White House to Humphrey to Mondale.

Six months later Walter Mondale was appointed to the Senate to take Hubert Humphrey's seat. It was a decision based also on the fact that Mondale was young and powerful at the polls, while Governor Karl Rolvaag of Minnesota, the other leading contender for the seat, was older and had won his last race by only 91 votes in a court-contested election. Even before Atlantic City, everyone in the state knew Mondale would probably get the seat, and what Mondale knew was that there was no way he was going to get the seat if he crossed his mentor and the President.

Walter Mondale, as President, would be like replacing Frito Bandito with W. C. Fields: the same old shuck

Mondale's recollection of the Mississippi Compromise, when I asked him about it, was that he had done the right thing. It was the right thing, he said, because the '68 convention lived up to the promises made in '64 and because the Mississippi Freedom Democratic party was not legally constituted. It was, he said, "just a bunch of protesters pushed onto a bus in Mississippi."

No, they were not. The game of protest has been played fast and loose at times, but that one was played straight. I know; I was among the volunteers who registered people in the Mississippi Freedom Democratic party that summer of '64. The whole idea was to do it legally, according to state law, wherever the law and the rednecks allowed. The whole idea was to set up an alternative structure because people got killed trying to use the one set up by the regular Democrats. In the heat of that summer I drank half my weight daily in Cokes and pounded those goddamn dusty streets. I grew slightly disgusted with myself repeating the same spiel to so many people who were so terrified to be seen talking with me. But some came, and we had caucuses, county meetings and a state convention, all according to Hoyle, just the way it's done in liberal Minnesota.

The MFDP was not just a bunch of protesters shoved onto a bus, and Walter Mondale knows it because we hauled all those cartons of sweat-wrinkled, mimeoed, completed voter registration forms up to Atlantic City as evidence in the challenge. And back in Minnesota in June and July, Walter Mondale was head of a group that raised $12,000 to support the project in Mississippi. He knew that what was going on in Mississippi was just as legal as the precinct system in Minnesota that elected him. It was the same system—democracy. The MFDP was the duly chosen representative of the powerless of Mississippi, and Walter Mondale was the hatchet man who executed the orders to deny them power.

Yes, it happened a long time ago, but he hasn't changed any. He is still prepared, in the crunch, to withhold power from the powerless. His best-known piece of legislation as a Senator was the day care bill vetoed by Nixon in 1970 on the grounds that it would break up the family. The real reason the bill was vetoed was that the local projects would be controlled by councils at least half of whose members would be parents, who would be independent of local political machines—like the original Head Start and antipoverty councils. We all know what happens when people and not politicians control such projects: the people take their jobs seriously and begin to run the kinds of projects they want. That's bad enough because it upsets the social planners in Washington, but sometimes the people even use the projects as the basis

The self-described "Al Lowenstein of 1948" is one of the few Senators who does his homework.

for political organization. When that happened in the war on poverty in '65 and '66, the bosses, such as Richard Daley and James Eastland, bitched to Johnson, and the people's councils were emasculated, control shifting back to the state and city governments.

Last fall, as Mondale's softly announced Presidential campaign shifted into low gear, he announced he was going to submit a new version of the day care bill to Congress. He knew that to be a serious contender he would need his name on a solid piece of legislation that was all his own, and it had to be veto-proof. When I asked an aide how the new bill would differ from the original version, he said that the governors had persuaded the committee that state governments should be given "greater administrative authority" over the projects. This is the way legislation is made: the people are "compromised" out.

What it comes down to—where Walter Mondale finally is standing in the blurr of his political two-step—is that he is not, as he claims, for the poor and the powerless. He is against them. In fact, he is afraid of them. Mondale has spoken several times in recent months of his fear of the rise of Know-Nothingism, of the possibility that an anti-politician will come along proposing to throw all the rascals out. As he put it to me, "If a guy decides to ride the backs of welfare mothers and other protest groups into office, he's got a right. But we have to ask if that's what we want." We also have to ask if what we want is a man who talks constantly of "empowering the powerless" and in the crunch does just the opposite to further his own career.

There are more ways than simple extortion and eavesdropping to subvert the democratic process. Walter Mondale, as President, would be like replacing Frito Bandito with W. C. Fields. Some of the egregiousness will be gone, but it's still the same old shuck and plastic corn. The best and the brightest brought us genocide, and the champion of law and order is trying to impose a police state. It is still going on in my own back yard. Jill Volner, one of the Watergate prosecutors, lives off the same alley I do. Her house has been burglarized twice since she began the case, and a neighbor and I both saw a telephone truck in the alley last week before the second break, complete with a man working on the pole that feeds the line into her house. The neighbor said he had been interviewed by the D.C. police, and when he told them of the telephone crew, the detective said, "Yeah, there are a lot of unresolved things about this case."

We are all Mississippi niggers these days, and Walter Mondale can't help us. He is too powerful and ambitious, too much a product of the self-perpetuation of power. "Power to the people" is a slogan only they can shout; from the mouth of a politician, it is newspeak. And as it was in Mississippi in '64 and as it has been with truck drivers on the highways in recent weeks, as it touches more people more directly, some of them find they have to give up just trying to get by—they must go down to the courthouse or the administration building or the Pentagon and there make their *polis*, their own space of political freedom. Some have died, some have been shattered and a few have found ways to work for the next time. Most of us slip back into getting by, and what remains is a more or less overwhelming awareness of the sign that hung in the Jackson, Mississippi, office that summer of 1964: "There's a town in Mississippi called Liberty/There is a Department in Washington called Justice." What also remains—whether Walter Mondale becomes President or not—is the knowledge that this war, this police state, "this car being driven by a drunk," as Mondale's friend Jim Johnson put it, means that it *can* happen here, that we are not immune from history. But that may still cut both ways. ●

John A. Young, James Daly, Michael Branch, Frederick Elbert: the jokes always return to Vietnam and prison.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NANCY MORAN

The Hanoi Hilton rebels hold a reunion

Four POWs who spoke out against the war gather again to talk, mostly of old times

By Gloria Emerson

A year ago this month we knew they were coming back. The return of American prisoners of war from Vietnam was meant to be a happy ending to our longest war. It made it easier for a nation to avoid the final counting of the disabled and the dead when we had those men who were alive—smiling and saluting and thanking us. They helped us believe we had a victory and some heroes at last.

But Vietman is not finished with us yet. The ending has not come. It was the first thing I found out at a reunion of four men who met in northern Kentucky shortly after New Year's Day. They were former prisoners of war who preferred some of their captors to some of their countrymen. They said the war was wrong then and they still say so.

It was their first reunion as civilians. They came together wearing new clothes and nice watches. Their bright turtleneck sweaters made their shoulders and backs look huge. They walked in shoes with thick high heels. There was lots of joking

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Former New York Times *Vietnam correspondent Gloria Emerson is currently writing a book on the effects of the Vietnam war on Americans.*

For Branch (left), *a broken marriage; for Elbert, a world of uncertainty.*

and drinking and driving from place to place in different cars. They all grew up caring a lot about cars, longing to own the good ones, and now they like to drive fast, for very long stretches, listening to music.

If you didn't pay attention, the jokes might have sounded like the boyish bantering of men who played football on the same team or went to high school together. But all the jokes lead back to Vietnam, back to being prisoners, back to the hundreds of days when they were thinner, weaker men longing for food and women and home, wanting to feel as young as they were and always hoping what they did would somehow help shorten the war. No one can assure them that their antiwar statements changed anything.

The men know everything about one another. Michael Branch was still teasing Frederick Elbert. "I don't want any of you guys getting drunk," Branch said, with his wide and splendid smile. "You're too big to carry around."

"The Vietnamese did it," Elbert said, grinning at him. They carried him up the Ho Chi Minh trail. The sickness was beriberi. He also had malaria and dysentery. Sooner or later any prisoner who was kept for some time in the South had them all.

They were different from most POWs. They were enlisted men, not officers and pilots who chose military careers. They were captured in South Vietnam and at different times moved to the North where, in several camps, they say they willingly made statements against the war and United States involvement in Indochina. They were not like the pilots who had never set foot on Vietnamese soil before they were shot down. They saw the villages and the craters and often they were inside the targets for American air strikes along with the Vietnamese. It was their captors who kept them alive, they say. But who hears it?

There were eight of them who shared the same beliefs in the camp called Plantation. They knew when they went home there would be trouble. They were right. Last May the eight were charged by Colonel Theodore W. Guy, also a returned POW, with collaborating with the enemy. The youngest of their group, a 24-year-old Marine named Abel Larry Kavanaugh, shot himself. It is believed he feared constant harassment.

"The North Vietnamese kept him alive for five years and then his own country killed him," said Mrs. Sandra Kavanaugh, his 22-year-old pregnant widow. The charges were dropped. In July new charges of mutiny were filed by

Air Force Major Edward W. Leonard Jr. His charges were dropped, too.

Not one of the seven has said he regrets what he did. They have made no excuse. They see themselves as patriots. Most of their parents do not want to talk about it. Perhaps they only wish their sons to be spared more worry and more grief. "He only did what he had to do in order to survive," Mrs. Earl Branch says. She is the mother of Michael Branch, age 26, who was a prisoner of war for 58 months. Mrs. Branch cherishes the rosary that Michael made in captivity and gave to her. She prayed for him every day.

He took the cord that was a drawstring in the loose cloth pajamas the prisoners wore and carefully knotted it to make a rosary. The cross was made from bamboo and old toothpaste tubes. The rosary now looks very frail and very old, like something dug up 200 years ago.

Mrs. Branch says she wishes she could have answered all the letters that people wrote to Michael welcoming him home. Some of the letters are stuffed in drawers in his room. Young girls and lonely women wrote him. One letter reads:

"Dear Michael, Just a note to say I'd like to meet you sometime if you are not married. I heard you were married, then I read how you were divorced so I'm a divorcee and would like to meet you. I would love to meet a POW and just talk. . . ."

Frederick Elbert, an ex-Marine from Brentwood, Long Island, was a prisoner for 55 months. He came to the reunion a day early to see Branch, who lives in Highland Heights, Kentucky, just across the river from Cincinnati. The reunion was held here because Branch could not afford a trip. When he was a prisoner, his pay was sent to his wife. But the marriage was rotting for her when Branch was a GI in Vietnam. Once she wrote him that only his daughter really missed him. It made Branch go berserk.

She did not want to live with Branch when he came back. Branch has no job and the child support he must pay was raised to $50 a week after his wife went to court. They will be divorced this year, and until then Branch says he cannot concentrate enough to start college. Maybe he never will be able to. He often speaks of his seven-year-old daughter and his five-year-old son. When he came home, they did not know he was their father.

Elbert and Branch sat with Branch's lawyer and friend, William Hagedorn, in the Gladiator cocktail lounge of the Travelodge motel the first night of the reunion. The lawyer likes to drink with, and show off, his most famous and romantic client. Branch has grown a Mark Spitz mustache to avoid being recognized, but it doesn't help him much. Local television described his homecoming: the destroyed marriage, the stalled life, the collaboration charges. It was voted as the best news story of 1973 in a poll of television viewers and shown again. The lawyer was delighted.

When friends walked by his table at the Gladiator, Hagedorn introduced them to Branch and Elbert, whom he called "guys who were roommates at the Hanoi Hilton." It always impresses people.

"How long was it for?" one man asked. Branch and Elbert always get questions like this, they said.

"It's nearly always the same," Elbert said. "How long were you there? Or they ask you, 'How was it?' Sometimes people want to know if you would do it all over again."

But he does not seem to mind it at all. Perhaps it is the only identity he has ever known in this country. Elbert is a bachelor with a brother and two sisters. He lives with his parents, who are Nixon supporters.

"They never asked me a single thing," Elbert said.

The new clothes that cost him $1,500 are a little snug now because he has gained a lot of weight. He bought all new furniture for his parents, a good stereo, a console TV and a car. Christmas gifts cost him $800. He joined the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign

Arriving at the reunion, Daly, (left) *is swarmed by Branch and Young.*

Wars to "show everybody," Elbert said. It is not clear what he wants to show, for he speaks very little. Sometimes when he wants to go out at night, his father wants to come along.

On some days Elbert thinks he is not happy in Long Island. He misses Vietnam. Nothing seems clear or certain to him.

"I feel as if I am part Vietnamese," Elbert said.

Elbert and Branch and the lawyer moved on to have more drinks at the Beverly Hills, a huge place on a hill that looks as though it had been yanked out of Las Vegas and put down by mistake in Newport, Kentucky. There is a bar, a nightclub, a garden room, a ballroom and even a wedding chapel. In the gift shop, Elbert bought a statue in plaster bearing the words, "Somebody has to say it first—I love you." He said he would mail it to a girl.

Suddenly the lawyer wanted to know about the daily lives of the POWs. "Listen, were you guys able to masturbate?" he asked. "I mean, that must have been the only way to get to sleep."

Branch and Elbert laughed, but they did not like the question much. They listened to Dr. Donald Stevens, who has a large medical practice and a law degree, tell them that he was a prisoner of the Germans in a camp between Berlin and Breslau during World War II.

The doctor, an ex-Air Force officer, pointed out that the Americans and the Germans were much more alike than Americans and Asians. The Asians, he said, have little regard for human life. He told a story about an American doctor who, while imprisoned by the Japanese, was prevented from treating his dying countrymen.

"What about the six million Jews?" Branch asked. The doctor said something about a law passed by the Germans. Perhaps I did not hear him correctly. Branch said a law didn't make it all right, did it?

The Vietnamese had tried to keep their prisoners alive, Elbert said. He said he could tell stories about an American doctor, an officer, who was a prisoner with him in the South. The doctor might have saved more lives if he had wanted to, Elbert said.

It makes Elbert bitter to talk about that doctor. Perhaps all prisoners need someone to hate. Elbert wants to write a book telling everything he knows, but he is not quite sure how to go about it. The evening grew longer. The Kentucky doctor went on talking. He mentioned that American prisoners in his World War II camp were punished by two and a half weeks in the "cooler." It made Branch laugh a little. He once spent two and a half months in solitary confinement.

The subway rumbling in overhead makes him nervous. It reminds him of the bombings in the North

The next day, two more POWs arrived—John A. Young and James Daly, a 26-year-old black who grew up in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn. It is Daly who talks the most and says he cannot seem to stop himself once he gets started. The others are patient. They know what he is describing when he speaks of a man named Burns who, in a camp in South Vietnam, kept crying and calling out for his mother during the nights before he died. The men who were not in that same camp in the South have heard it all before. There was so much time for each one to tell his story when they were together in the North.

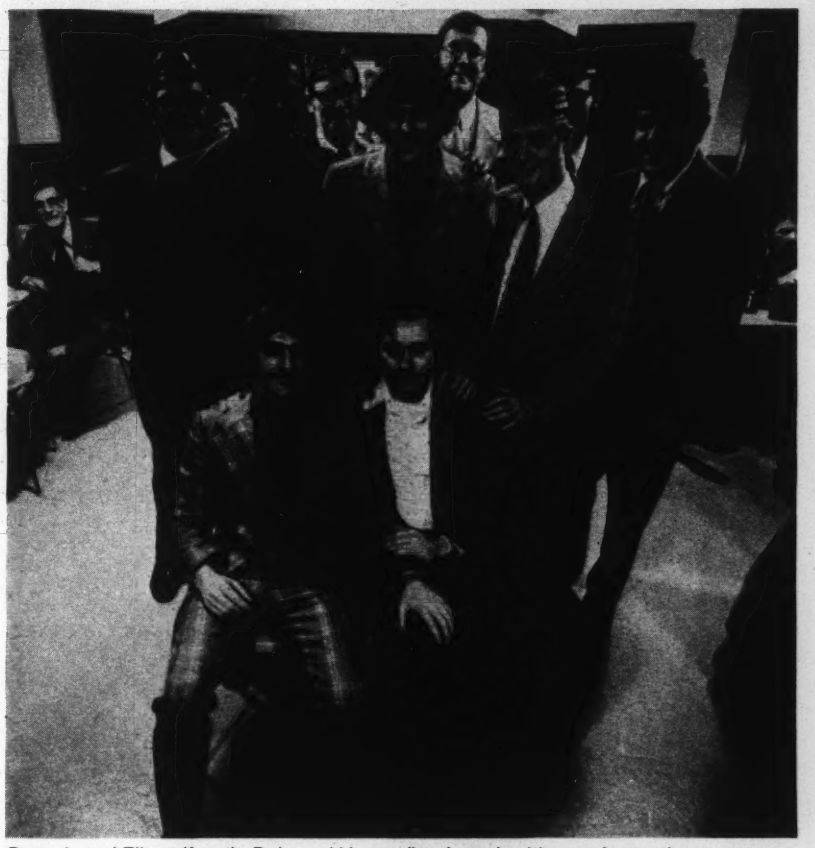
Daly speaks often of Christ and explained that he wanted to become a Jehovah's Witness when he received a 1-A status in the draft. It is a long, sorrowful story. Seeking advice in a Brooklyn Army recruiting station, Daly claims he was advised by a sergeant to enlist so he could be put in a special work program for conscientious objectors. The sergeant warned him that if he were drafted, his religious beliefs would not be considered and he would be assigned combat duty. He never fired his M-16, Daly said, and he pleaded with his best friend at his side not to fire before the man was killed in a firefight on January 9, 1968.

"I would have killed myself if I hadn't thought what that would have done to my mother," Daly said at the reunion. He was terrified of being captured by the Vietnamese because of what he had been told about them. Daly believes that in that battle every man in his company of the 196th Light Infantry Brigade was killed except for six of them. Four were captured. Two died of wounds later that same day. When Daly left the South to enter North Vietnam, an interpreter called Mr. Thieu wept because he could not accompany them any farther. Some of the prisoners, Daly said, sang the song "Liberate Vietnam" as a goodbye gift for him.

The world around him often discourages Daly. He has six brothers and sisters. They like buying clothes, although he tries to warn them of hard times ahead. "I say, 'You're gonna have to eat those clothes,' " Daly said.

John A. Young was the only man who came to the reunion with a wife. Erica, who was born in Germany, married Young when he was stationed there before he joined the Special Forces to be sent to Vietnam in January, 1968. Of the seven survivors, it was Young I knew best. We met when he was in an Army hospital near Denver. At the reunion, I asked Erica if he seemed steadier.

"Well, he still has his moments," she said. Later she joked about the posters and pictures he has hung on the walls



Branch and Elbert (front); *Daly and Young* (back row) *with men from other wars.*

of a room in their house in Arlington Heights, Illinois. "There is Easy Rider on one wall and Ho Chi Minh on the next," she said. "I tell him he is some interior decorator." Young, who was badly wounded in the leg, was a prisoner for five years and one and a half months.

The men wanted to talk by themselves. They left their girlfriends and John's wife and sat in the back room of a bar called Jack's-R-Better. They talked about going back, of finding the Vietnamese political officers they once called "Cheese" and "Mr. Bad," of visiting the guards known as "Sunflower," "Spit 'n' Run," "Snuffy" and "Bucktooth," of hearing Vietnamese voices again and of the monkey they called "Magilla." She belonged to a Vietnamese officer. The men loved Magilla. The animal used to sleep on Young's chest at night inside the top of his pajamas.

They compared notes on how they were treated by the military after their homecomings and the lengths of their debriefings. Young said his telephone at home had been tapped. Branch complained that he had been followed by plainclothesmen. Daly wondered why it had taken nearly one week for the Army to ask him all those questions.

It was Daly again who had to speak of the memories they are all trying to erase or push down. "It was such a sad day when Enrica died," he said. No one spoke. She was one of the German civilian nurses imprisoned in the same camp in the South. She had complained to him that an American prisoner was stealing her food when she was sick and helpless. There were so many deaths.

"The Vietnamese had to force us to bury each other. They kept saying, 'You ought to be ashamed. This is your friend and you don't even want to bury him,' " Daly said. "We didn't get along so good so it always didn't put you in sadness when someone died." Neither Daly nor the others have heard of something called "survivor guilt." They only briefly saw military psychiatrists and, except for Daly, do not trust them at all.

Daly was the cook in the camps. He knows how to cook a rat. It can taste good, he said. The Lexington Avenue subway makes him nervous when he is on a lower level and hears a train above him rumbling and shaking coming in. It reminds him of the bombings in the North.

"April 16. It was the day that Jose cried," Daly said. He was referring to the spring of 1971 when U.S. bombing of North Vietnam was resumed. The others remembered the Christmas bombing of Hanoi in 1972. Young then spoke of how the Chicago motorcycle police in the winter remind him of Gestapo and SS troops. Branch told Young what the doctor said about the Germans and the Americans.

"He is right. We are a lot alike."

"No, Americans are the most brutal people in the world," Young said.

The men talked about the conviction of Lieutenant William Calley being upheld and how they thought it was wrong. Calley had been trained all his life to do what he did, they said. It was our American society, not just the Army, that had conditioned him. Two men were missed: Alfonso Riate, who lives in California, and King Rayford, who moved to Denver where he married and attends vocational school. The most politically active of the group, Robert Chenoweth, who goes across the country on speaking tours, arrived on Monday when I had left. They call him Che.

I last saw the four of them together at a party where the room was filled with men from Veterans of Foreign Wars in Kentucky. My friends were posing for a picture, almost holding on to each other.

Everyone has theories about them, of course. It has something to do with their relationships with their fathers, a man in New York told me. I said maybe. A psychologist thought that all of them had had disruptive and damaging childhoods and that perhaps the Vietnamese gave them more attention and affection than anyone else in their lives had provided. I thought of Branch being beaten by guards using their hands and fists and how he had come to like the man who ordered him beaten. Maybe, I said. A teacher said American education had failed them. Maybe. I know where we can find the answer. It is in Hanoi and with some Vietnamese whose names we will never know. ●

Now that the death penalty is back, legislators consider the alternatives: gas, guillotine, pill, the ultimate mickey . . .

California looks for a better way to kill

By Thomas Thompson

There are days when I feel that had Lewis Carroll lived in California, he could have written nonfiction, so easy is it to tumble down metaphorical rabbit holes in a state which exists at the end of the road, at the beginning of the sea, at the outer edge of foolishness.

Already this year I have stared in wonder at a newspaper advertisement on the religious page of the Los Angeles *Times* that hawked an encounter between Pat Boone and his band of devout Christians against a pride of real lions, held, to be sure, in the Coliseum. I have listened attentively to a woman at a party, a woman who eats nothing and drinks nothing but artichoke juice. And I have tried to understand the pyramid people, those folk who believe genuinely that extraordinary power is locked in the shape of the ancient Egyptian pyramid. Seeking to fill themselves with this power, they sleep and make love and think in pyramid-shaped tents.

But nothing really prepared me for California's attitude in recent days concerning the return of that all-time box office champ, Capital Punishment.

Perhaps you thought, as I did, that the death penalty was more or less outlawed by the U.S. Supreme Court in its landmark June, 1972 decision. Wrong. The Supreme Court issued one of those remarkably cloudy decisions which nobody really understood, and in 1973 states have been hurrying to loophole their way back into the business of legal killing. Already 19 states have restored the death penalty, even though every state attorney general realizes that the highest court will sooner or later have to make what our President has come to refer to as a "definitive" ruling.

Californians, as an electorate, are nobody's sure thing. Sometimes they are liberal. They, for example, rejected proposals to outlaw school busing and to ban obscene material. And only a few months ago they dealt Governor Ronald Reagan a shock by turning down his Proposition One, which would have put a limit on state spending and cut taxes.

However, when first the State Supreme Court, followed by the federal body, ruled that capital punishment, as it was being administered, was unconstitutional, the groans of disappointment quickly became a unified roar across California. In record time, the necessary 300,000 valid signatures were collected to put a death penalty referendum on the ballot. And on the day that Nixon destroyed McGovern, the people of California voted by an astounding 2-1 margin that they wanted the ultimate punishment back on the books. The California legislature had little choice but to obey such a clearly stated will of the people. In September, the bill glided smoothly through both legislative houses and under the enthusiastic pen of Ronald Reagan.

One suspects, to be fair, that on this issue Californians are not much different from the citizens of the other 49 states. Behind the talk of protecting policemen from killers, behind the pleas that there must be death to deal with the most gruesome of killers, behind all this is a dark place in the American character. A legal execution is among the most vicarious of experiences, a shiver for the collected spines. Can you remember, as I do, reading every word in the newspaper accounts of a man's last hours? In Texas, the papers always listed the doomed man's last meal, and always it seemed to be shrimp cocktail, fried oysters, fried chicken, fried potatoes, strawberry shortcake, rolls and butter, coffee, then a cigar. I came to wonder why a government would give a man whatever he wanted to eat in his last hours, then burn and shock and destroy his tissues before they were nourished.

California's Senate Bill No. 450 brought back the ultimate punishment beginning New Year's Day, 1974 for a wide range of crimes. These include kidnapping, train wrecking in which a fatality occurs, murder of policemen or prison guards, murder by hire, murder of a witness to a crime with intent to silence his testimony, murder during armed robbery, murder during rape, murder during lewd and lascivious acts on a child under 14, murder during burglary of an inhabited house, and last but not least, murder if the murderer has already been convicted of murder in the first or second degree. This just about covers the murder spectrum, save for the garden variety passion murder, about the only kind possible in California any more without a *mandatory* death penalty if caught.

Commenting on the death penalty, Governor Reagan mentioned that perhaps a "more humane" method of destroying convicted murderers could be found than the gas chamber. Cattle rancher Reagan speculated that "fatal injections" might be administered to such men, presumably not unlike those given to sick animals.

In Sacramento, a study committee sat down for an hour or two and took up the governor's suggestion. Among those in attendance were State Department of Correction officials and medical authorities. The following proposals were discussed:

(1) The guillotine. Dismissed as too archaic and painful.

(2) The fatal hypodermic needle. Considered unsatisfactory because, according to one present at the meeting, "The needle would become a symbol just as terrible as the gas chamber."

(3) The suicide pill. "The idea

Contributing Editor Thompson last reported for NEW TIMES on "Profiteering in Poison Blood."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DICK RAN PALULIAN

here would be to give a guy a pill and leave him alone to take it himself," explained the spokesman. "But we decided the trouble would be ethical and religious questions of suicide."

(4) The fatal dinner tray. "We thought about dropping a poisonous drug into the man's food, but we rejected this because the terror of eating would become as great as the terror of the gas chamber."

(5) The not-letting-the-doomed-man-know-in-advance theory. Under this original idea, an attempt would be made to ease a man's apprehension by not setting a definite zero hour. "We'd walk the guy to chow every day and back to his cell and nothing would happen, and days and weeks would pass routinely, and then one day we'd suddenly take him down a new hallway and open a new door and. . . ."

(6) The vacuum chamber. "A lot of mail came in from former Air Force personnel who told of passing out and almost dying in a training room where oxygen was withdrawn." Dog pounds also use this method to kill animals, but it was decided not to try it in California.

(7) Firing squads, hanging and electrocution. "We looked at these briefly because other states used them. In Utah, a man used to be able to choose between being shot or hanged."

It was finally concluded, said the spokesman, after "a review of all these possibilities, a review which none of us present enjoyed very much, that the gas chamber is about as good as anything. It is painless and quick. We are told that the moment the prisoner breathes the first whiff of gas, he is unconscious."

But, wait now. How would anybody know this *unless* he had been through the irreversible process? "Well, you've got a point there," said the spokesman. "We can only go on what the doctors tell us. And there's an old-time prison guard who has watched several executions, and he says he can tell from watching the man's hands that he is not in pain. The hands relax, they do not clench."

One idea which the study group considered made a certain amount of sense, but it, too, was rejected. This was the notion that much of the pain attending an execution is inherent in its ritual. "We talked at length about trying to cool the drama and put a man to death quietly, eliminating press coverage and witnesses," said the spokesman. "But then we all sighed and faced up to the fact that this simply could not be tolerated in a free society."

In our final report, said the spokesman: "We told Governor Reagan that the gas chamber is as good as any method, and there is no way to eliminate the personal horror of execution and its anticipation."

Police celebrated the return of capital punishment with a victory dinner in Century City

Although the death penalty became California law on January 1, there is no likelihood that anybody will be gassed at San Quentin for some time to come. An attorney named Nelson Kempsky, who is deputy director of California's Department of Corrections, observes that "there is a long road of litigation to travel." Even if a man commits a murder which qualifies for the death penalty, and if that man is tried and convicted and sentenced shortly after that, there is no way he can be executed for years to come. Even before the Supreme Court issued its confusing ruling, a man could delay his execution almost indefinitely if he was spunky, had funds, found good counsel and possessed white skin (this last point made by Justice William Douglas in his opinion).

We enter a very tricky area of legalism and semantics here. The Supreme Court did not rule out capital punishment because it was unconstitutional per se. The ruling was that when a judge or a jury has a *choice* to administer either a prison term or death, then that is "cruel and unusual punishment" and forbidden by the U.S. Constitution. States are interpreting this to mean that if the death penalty is *mandatory* for certain crimes, then it is not cruel, or unusual or unconstitutional. We shall see what the Supreme Court tells us to see.

When the court made its 1972 ruling, California had 105 prisoners under sentence of execution and living at San Quentin in what the public likes to call Death Row. In official prison terminology, the place has an even more ghastly name—the Condemned Unit. In fact, so many prisoners were living under the death penalty that the original unit, which could accommodate only 60 of the doomed, had a new wing added which became known as, of course, the Condemned Annex.

On the summer day that the court's ruling was made known to the 105 men, there was "general elation," said a San Quentin official. These men, he went on, have lived so long in fits and starts that there is a "wait-and-see attitude among them." It took a few days for the news to settle in—that no one could be executed for the crime which brought him to the Condemned Unit. Only one prisoner was resentful, he being a fellow who actually wanted to die and filed a legal paper demanding that his death sentence be carried out.

The Condemned Unit was thus broken up and each man previously resident there was studied to see where he could best fit into the prison scheme of living. One or two were actually judged harmless enough to be sent to minimum-security prisons, no doubt enjoying the irony of their new mornings.

Two of the most celebrated of the formerly condemned are Charles Manson and Sirhan Sirhan, both of whom are now eligible for parole consideration after serving seven years. But neither, according

to prison gossip, is likely to get out that quickly. "They are high-risk prisoners," said Phil Guthrie, director of public information for the prison system. "We have to pay special attention to those who commit notorious crimes." Manson was transferred to Folsom Prison where he lives in the "maximum-security ward," tightest of the locked units. Segregated from other prisoners, forbidden to watch television, he passes most of his hours within his cell, electing not to use the exercise yard. "He went out once and got into a fight with another prisoner," said Guthrie, "so he doesn't want to go back into the yard."

Sirhan is at San Quentin and is referred to as a "HPPC," translation for which is "high-powered protective custody." He is not permitted TV, but the convicted assassin of Robert Kennedy reads voraciously from the bookmobile which visits his cell twice a week. A willing worker, he has the job of "tier tender," which means he sweeps his area. Sirhan is considered a good prisoner who offers few problems.

The gas chamber has never gone away. An octagonal-shaped room with gleaming green walls, reminiscent of a country town bank vault, it has been used only once since 1963. That was in 1967, when a black prisoner named Aaron Mitchell was executed for killing a police officer in a Sacramento tavern robbery. Bearded and weeping, Mitchell muttered something as he died. The last words were not clear, but most witnesses believed he said, "I am Jesus Christ." Mitchell was the 194th person to die by gas since that method was chosen by California to replace hanging in 1938. Of this total, four were women.

The return of the death penalty in California – and all the other states – might seem to some people an admission of failure, a surrender of responsibility, a confession that the prison system does not rehabilitate, that the affluent society does not fill the basic needs, much less dreams, of every man, that the national character has a need to kill as much as a need to count its money. But if there is a winter of introspection chilling the California soul, I could not find it.

Instead, there was a victory dinner at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles, a gala evening sponsored by the California Alliance of Police Associations in honor of those members of the State Legislature who were "instrumental in the passage of legislation restoring capital punishment." A representative of the association sponsoring the affair ("black tie optional," an hour of champagne before he eats) told a telephoning inquirer that peace officers everywhere were grateful to have the death penalty back, a sort of security-blanket buffer between the potential killer's finger and his trigger. "A lot of cops have been killed during the time that the death penalty has not been used in this state," said the dinner's spokesman, "and we feel that some of these men might be alive today if the gas chamber were still operating."

But is it not, oh hell, what's the word, is it not *unusual* to have a champagne dinner in celebration of death? "Well, the dinner's not really for death itself," said the spokesman, "it's more to mark a triumph for law enforcement and the return of a police tool to maybe keep people from killing people. We've talked to a lot of crooks who tell us the threat of execution deters them from murder."

And we should consider, in conclusion, the perfectly serious suggestion made by a 31-year-old Californian named Earl Brian, who is Secretary of Health and Welfare for the state, one of the "stars" of the Reagan administration, a Republican with a bright future, and—note carefully—a medical doctor. Not only does Brian, whose education presumably taught him to revere life—favor the death penalty, he reasons that if it is to become a real deterrent to heinous crime and murder, then make such spectacles public. Why not, he asks, hold executions in a place where the public can come, presumably with live television for shut-ins and stay-at-homes?

On a recent day in Sacramento, I looked for a place suitable in character and crowd control to the Place De La Concorde, but found nothing comparable. There is, however, the Capitol Mall, which, with the addition of bleachers and a track for the tumbril, might work.

And, if memory serves, actress Agnes Moorehead lives down the state in Beverly Hills. She once played Madame De Farge in *A Tale of Two Cities* and on special execution days, perhaps she could be persuaded to journey to the capitol in costume and sit at the place of execution, clicking her knitting needles and counting, counting, counting the falling heads. ●

Betrayed by Bob Dylan

Dylan was the writer's "main man"—until he ripped her off with "Just Like a Woman." Now, years later, the times they have a- changed for both

By Anne Schneider

South Philly . . . Grey, depressing South Philly . . . I'm here to see Bob Dylan and the Band and so far I've been nothing but depressed. What's happening is that for the past two days I've been drifting in and out of an adolescence I'd rather leave behind; it's the music that's been doing it. For the past two days, hour after hour, I've been listening again to early Dylan, who understood so well. My subconscious is cooking. I've barely been able to sleep.

"There a basketball game at the Spectrum today?" the cab driver asks me. "No," I say, "*Bob Dylan's* there."

The afternoon concert has been going on for half an hour (my ticket is for the 8 p.m. performance), but I'm surprised to see so few people outside. It all seems too calm. This is only the third performance of a 21-city tour—Dylan's first in eight years—and there are a grand total of six people hanging around.

In the spring of 1962, when Bob Dylan's first album was released, I was a five-feet, 4½-inch, 165-pound "beatnik." My favorite high-school outfit was a white puckered "peasant" blouse, a cotton Indian-print skirt with gathered waist, long silver Mexican earrings, black tights and Alan Block sandals that laced right up to a very fat pair of knees. I owned a $20 G. Schirmer acoustic guitar, and although I never got past "Go Tell Aunt Rhody," with lots of "wait a minutes" while I changed chords, I carried the guitar around a lot. I was a troublemaker in school, refusing to salute the flag (my first political protest), a great fan of the Weavers and what my mother referred to, in mellower moments, as "colored music" (Lightnin' Hopkins). My parents, as far as I was concerned, were wrong on just about everything. My father was convinced S.A.N.E. was a "communist" organization; my mother, the first woman commander of a Jewish War Veterans Post, once dictated a letter for me to a "little" magazine that wanted one of the poems I had submitted. The letter asked if the magazine were free from "communist affiliations." The magazine, of course, sent the poems back.

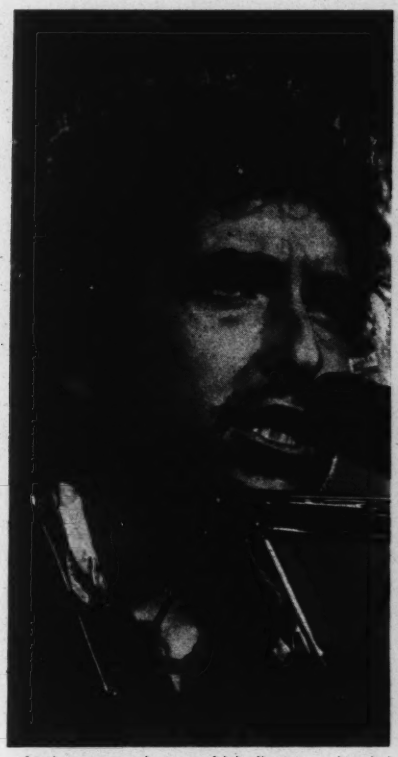
By the time I made it to Bard College (and across the river to Woodstock and Bearsville, N.Y., compliments of an itinerant banjo-player who ultimately done me wrong) and discovered marijuana and those little Romilar cough pills that made staring at a bare cinderblock wall for hours so interesting, I was completely ripe for Bob Dylan. Lordy, how I loved *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*! He was singing *my* songs. (Secretly, the one I liked the best was "Corrinna, Corrinna," because it was about love—and that's what I wanted even more than social equality and no more war; at 173 pounds, I was not exactly the belle of Bard.)

When *The Times They Are A-Changing* came out (January, 1964), I was a college dropout. It was the shame of the immediate family. I was working on the main floor of Bloomingdale's selling buttons in the notions department, watching fancy women spend more in a few hours than I earned all week. I was seething with class resentment, seeing a shrink once a week (that's where all my salary went, it seemed) and beginning the Big Diet, which under an MD's supervision got me down to normal size but got me hooked on amphetamines. My identification with Dylan's song "Only A Pawn in their Game" couldn't have been more complete. And riding the IRT Pelham Bay Line up to the Sound View station each week, all I had to keep me happy was Bob Dylan's latest. Bob Dylan, more than anyone else I had ever heard or read, *understood.*

And through that winter and spring, when Dylan began hanging around Bard, I thrived vicariously on long-distance telephone tales of his showing up drunk on campus to take on whoever would take him on, tales of his lying drunk in the snow, acting the fool and serenading my best friend, Louise, beneath her window until one evening she dumped the contents of her wastebasket out the window onto his head—probably because it was more chic *not* to sleep with Dylan than to bed down with him. He didn't sound, frankly, too picky. . . . He sounded like an annoying, desperate little boy from the reports I had—an annoying, rebellious, undirected, desperate adolescent—and those tales just made me love him all the more. Bob Dylan was my "main man." And I stayed faithful to him, album by album.

And then one day, during a raging New York City snowstorm, I ran into a young man who had been at Bard when I was. Newly trim, I went to bed with him. And when it was finished, the young man rose from the bed of his nicely furnished brick-walled apartment on the Upper West Side (I was more impressed by the apartment than by the dude), went over to the stereo, put on side two of the first record of the two-album set, *Blonde on Blonde,* grinned evily at me and put the needle down on the song "Just Like a Woman": ". . . she's like all the rest/with her fog, her amphetamine, and her pearls./She takes just like a woman, yes she does,/She makes love just like a woman, yes she does,/And she aches just like a woman/But she breaks just like a

Anne Schneider is a Special Contributor to NEW TIMES.



PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN REGAN / CAMERA 5

At the second stop of his first tour in eight years, Dylan performs in Philadelphia.

little girl."*

It hit me like almost nothing else had ever hit me before. I didn't know what Feminism was at the time, I hadn't ever heard the word, but I knew that there was something mean and evil in that song, something that hurt doubly because it came from Dylan. I felt betrayed—and not even by the stupid, grinning, artsy jock before me; I'd seen his kind all too many times before. It was Bob Dylan I felt betrayed by. I couldn't believe that betrayal. I couldn't believe Bob Dylan could do anything to hurt me. I never bought another of his albums.

The subway out to the Spectrum at 6:45 a.m. is the Dylan Special, an ordinary, shabby, Philadelphia subway train—but it is filled with people, mostly 16 to 30, going to The Concert.

I have trouble finding the press box, though hardly anyone is there. It is early, but in minutes the 20,000-seat Spectrum begins filling up fast. And then the New York press filters in, dressed down. It is turning into a press circus. "Did you get access, did you get access?" they keep asking one another. One of the stars of the New York press sits down next to me. We exchange platitudes about a mutual friend, a musician, and then he relates his tale: he was out looking for a hotdog and who does he run into but *Bob Dylan*! "But what do you say when you meet *God*?" he says to me. I'm repelled. And then he is joined by another New York press maven and I hear things like, "He's the greatest artist of our generation! The generation right through 35. . . ."

"The greatest *rock-and-roll* artist," I say quietly.

"No, no," someone says, "the greatest *artist*. I mean, who else is there?"

Then the lights go out. The stage is bathed in pink and orange light. The Band steps out and *there he is! Bob Dylan!* The audience stands up, cheering. I start to cry. I hate myself for crying—and I continue to cry through "Rainy Day Women" and "Lay, Lady, Lay." I feel like an idiot. "Why wait any longer for the one you *love*/He's standing in front of you."

What strikes me most, through it all, through one of the best concerts I've ever sat/stood/jumped-up-and-down through, is that Bob Dylan isn't a kid any more. He's a man now, and somehow it doesn't seem so weird for a man to be singing rock-and-roll. It's terrific. It's a terrific concert. The new songs from the upcoming Dylan/Band album, especially "Forever Young," are lovely. I keep waiting for Dylan to sing that evil song, "Just Like a Woman." Somehow he has found the taste not to do it.

And when the concert is over, the audience lights matches and Zippo lighters, then screams and stomps, calling him back for more. It looks like the brightly lighted Christmas we didn't have this year in New York or a massive Greek Easter procession. Dylan does come back, he sings "Like A Rolling Stone," and I can't help noticing the irony of his singing—*rich* Bob Dylan singing—about "scrounging your next meal."

My head is splitting. I'm exhausted. The packed subway trip back to my hotel is odd, somehow, exhausting and depressing. The woman next to me says to her friend, "It was very strange. You couldn't act normally like you could to a normal human being."

It's late. The neo-baroque lobby of the hotel where I'm staying is deserted except for two young people I recognize from the subway trip home. They're looking for some place to get something to eat. As they turn toward the door I get the crazy feeling that my youth is walking out with them. I run down the steps after them onto Broad Street and ask if they mind my coming along.

The all-night restaurant where we wind up is full of flashy pimps and their women. I feel like I've been through a fit of insanity, and to my left, sitting calm and smooth-faced and beautifully young and optimistic and unhurt, is Jean, 21, from Media, Pennsylvania, and across the table, Major, 16 ("almost 17"), her friend from Upper Darby. Jean writes poetry, she tells me, and says her father had said he would have gone to the concert if he'd had a ticket. Watch and see, he had told her with some irony, if Dylan doesn't go down as one of the most important artists of our time. We sit and talk a while, about music, about books. They both came to Dylan late—the *Dylan's Greatest Hits* album. They liked the concert, but they don't think Dylan is God and they know that he's a major song lyricist—not a poet. I love them both. I walk back onto Broad Street feeling calm and reassured, somehow purified. ●

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY BENSON

By Sonny Kleinfield

The runner turns the corner and proceeds at a trot down the wiggly path that slices through the park. Freezing grass and dirt beneath his feet, the runner casts his huge shadow brutishly against the ground as he jogs past silent Revolutionary War houses and down along the Schuylkill River, where not a single sculler pierces the glasslike water. Sometimes, he interrupts his pace and throws a flurry of punches at imaginary foes, each jab punctuated by gasps of heavy breathing—"hegh-hegh-hegh-hegh"—and then he plunges on into the darkness.

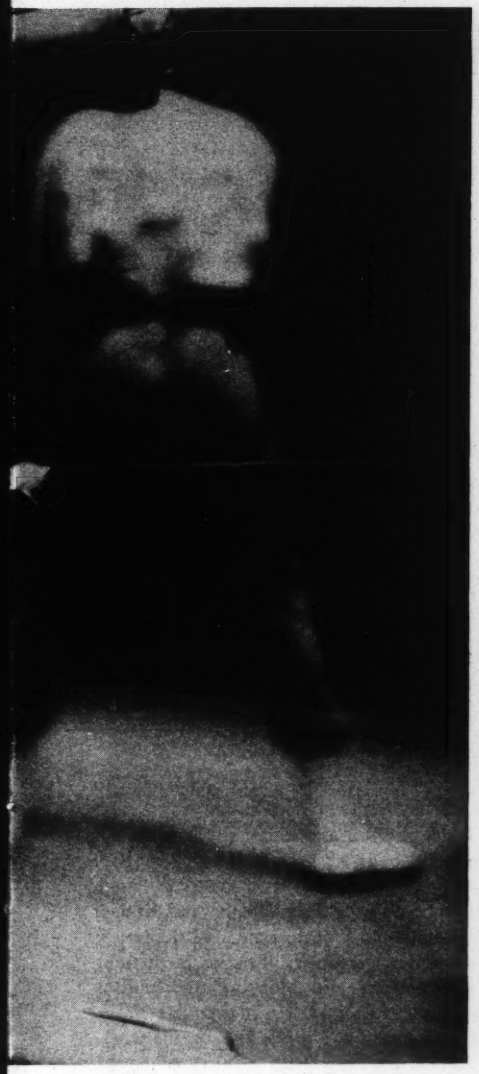
Philadelphia's night is just reaching for light and it is damp and cold. The dampness seems to ooze up and around a body, clutching one's bones in a chill that extra sweaters and sweat shirts could not dislodge. A car speeds by—and its fleet, almost soundless passage brings a new sensation of unreality to the scene. Shrouded by the dark, its occupants seem unaware of the shadowy runner—who is Joe Frazier—and speed increasingly on like ocean voyagers oblivious of all those fathomless fishy struggles below them in the dark.

Nor do they notice the big black Mercury that crawls along behind Frazier, moving at no more than five miles an hour, high beams illuminating the dimly lit path. A light drizzle begins to fall, steaming against the car windows, blurring a distant frieze of gaunt grey pines. Despite the cold and the rain, the window nearest Frazier is wide open, allowing Billy Osmond in concert to spill out from a tape deck. Sonny Liston used to play "Night Train" when he trained. Joe Frazier likes to listen to Billy Osmond or Wilson Pickett or Otis Redding or, sometimes, Joe Frazier, who has made recordings himself.

"Typical Philly weather," grumbles Lee Pressley, Frazier's chubby assistant trainer, who is driving the Mercury. Beside him is Tom Payne, a perverse-looking five-foot, 10-inch, 43-year-old bachelor who is Joe Frazier's bodyguard. Payne is invariably silent and cranky during these early morning rituals. A cop for 16 years, Payne was leaving an abandoned house he had searched for stolen goods in 1969 when the front steps gave way under him, mutilating the cartilage in his left knee and resulting in his premature retirement. Since then, there has never been a morning when Payne hasn't been aware he has a crippled knee.

"When I get up at this time," Tom says, "it takes me at least an hour before I

Sonny Kleinfield is a five-foot, 10-inch, 130-pound, good-kneed reporter for the Wall Street Journal.



"I'm like a babysitter, if you can imagine somebody babysitting for Joe Frazier," says five-foot, 10-inch, 170-pound, gimpy-kneed Tom Payne

Joe Frazier's bodyguard

realize who I am and what I'm doing up."

Payne is a strange, phlegmatic man who has no real life of his own; his life is inexorably wedded to Joe Frazier's life. Payne wakes up at 4:30 a.m., because that is when Frazier wakes up. He retires at 10 p.m., when Frazier retires. In between, there are few moments when Payne is not a step or two behind Frazier, trailing him like other men's shadows. If he is not with Frazier, he is always certain where Frazier is and what he is doing.

For instance, Payne is a big drinker, a confirmed Scotch-on-the-rocks man who likes to spend the nights in Philly bars or with company in his plush three-room apartment. Frazier, however, has tasted every kind of liquor and liked none of it; at social functions he may agree to a glass of champagne, but by the time the evening's spent the glass will not be empty. So Payne will be seated at a bar and two or three times he will excuse

himself to make a phone call.

"Joe, how you doing, everything all right?"

"Yeah, Tom, just fine."

"You planning on doing anything tonight?"

"Nah, I'm just gonna stay home and take it easy."

"Okay, good, maybe I'll check back later."

Shy and sensitive and serious and friendly, Payne is an uncommonly stingy man with words except when, in a rare moment while riding in the car, he reveals what it is like to guard Joe Frazier.

"I've been doing it for seven years, so I must like it," he says in his mellow voice. "Mostly, you got to keep the pests away, keep them from annoying Joe. And you got to make sure nobody tries to harm him. No one has ever tried to. The difficulty more likely is going to be well-wishers who almost love Joe to death. They poke a thumb in his eye, or a pencil. Then I step in and say, 'All right, break it up. That's enough.' After a fight, it takes my body three months to recover from all the pushing and shoving from the crowds. You feel like you're guarding God himself. And during training, the hours really get crazy."

The hours have gotten crazy since mid-November, when Frazier began training for his fight with Muhammad Ali on January 28 in New York's Madison Square Garden. Billed as Superfight II, it will elevate the winner within a blow of heavyweight champion George Foreman, and so Frazier has been working harder than for any previous fight—abiding by the loneliness, asceticism and celibacy that the ring demands. And when Joe Frazier is working hard, Tom Payne is working nearly as hard a step or so behind him.

Cloverlay Gymnasium is a pale-red edifice sandwiched between a Saveway gas station and a dowdy five-story office building on Philadelphia's tough north side. Inside, the gym is immaculate. Rich blue carpeting conceals much of the floor and one entire wall is brick, plastered with giant posters of Frazier and other legendary boxers—Ali, Patterson, Marciano, Louis—and, in the lower right-hand corner, blown-up excerpts from a report on the first Ali-Frazier fight that appeared in *Time* Magazine. Hard against the wall is a boxing ring, its floor stained and lumpy. Beyond it, three brown canvas bags, dangle on chains from the ceiling.

Frazier is scheduled to work out soon and the gym begins to fill up with the hangers-on who like to watch boxers train. Several dozen sit in stony silence on folding chairs near the ring as Frazier's four sparring partners limber up. As they do, Joe Frazier's voice blares out of two high, walnut speakers with his latest recording, "Try It Again."

Quietly puffing on a cigarette, Tom Payne is pacing in the gym office, a lavish elevated room with a tropical fish tank and a large window that offers a spectacular view of the gym. He starts to snap his fingers to the music. Payne is accustomed to hearing Frazier use his voice as well as his fists, because he accompanies Frazier when he tours nightclubs with his group, The Beaufort Express. Payne enjoys that, because there is little for him to do but sit and sip Scotch.

As usual, Payne is immaculately dressed. He is wearing a grey-and-red-striped suit, a tan sport shirt and two-tone brown shoes. Around his neck, an 18-karat gold Capricorn medallion swings from a gold chain, an ornament Payne paid $400 for last January. It is just one of the small luxuries Payne's fierce fidelity to Frazier has brought him, along with a 1974 pink-and-white Cadillac, fine clothes, a nice apartment and a fast-paced life roistering around with dazzling women and swigging good whiskey—a life he neither knew nor dreamed of as a cop.

Tom Payne loves touring with Frazier's singing group; he has little to do except sip Scotch

As it is, Payne might never have known the good life had it not been for a twist of fate some nine years ago. Payne had met Yancey Durham, Frazier's late manager, and become friendly with him. Durham urged Payne to visit him sometime at his hotel room. Six months passed before Payne, having a free evening, decided to follow up the invitation. When he knocked on the door, Joe Frazier answered. Payne had never heard of Frazier and neither had many other people then, but he liked him instantly. When Payne left that night, he told Frazier, "Just remember, if you ever get to the top, you're going to need a full-time bodyguard. And I'm the man." Two years later, Frazier and Durham didn't forget.

Joe Frazier bounds into the gym now and Payne, spotting him, scoots downstairs. Frazier, a gritty, thick-thighed stump of a man, is wearing green shortened sweat pants and a white T-shirt. He climbs into the ring and dances around, grunting and throwing punches. The ring creaks and boards wobble under his 210 pounds.

Wearing only 170 pounds on his five-foot-10 frame, Payne couldn't last one round with Frazier even if he had Floyd Patterson in the ring with him. Still, the absurdity of a 170-pounder with a gimpy knee bodyguarding Joe Frazier, who can break in two almost any man alive, fails to seep through to Payne.

"Joe's a prize fighter, and so outside the ring his fists are lethal weapons," Payne says. "It would be awfully awkward if Joe has to ever use them on somebody. That's why I'm around. So he doesn't ever have to." So far, Payne has spent his time waiting for something that never comes. If it ever does, however, he will be ready. Although he has never boxed, Payne says he knows some karate and, in any event, the gold-plated pistol he wears strapped to his waist works better than anyone's fists.

After warming up, Frazier comes over to one corner and his manager, Eddie Futch, a short and rather shy man who is 62 but looks 32, slips on his gloves. Pete "Moleman" Williams, a tank of a man, climbs into the ring, and he and Frazier begin cuffing each other. Moleman is swinging left hooks. Frazier is ducking under them and blocking and pulling Moleman around. He maneuvers Moleman against the ropes and begins working on his body with a flurry of hooks. People on the folding chairs bend forward to watch.

Payne is paying no attention to the sparring. He is watching the people scattered about the gym. He sees the camp not so much in terms of good or bad boxing—that is Futch's job—but in terms of those who might harm Frazier and those who might not. He sees Frazier not so much as a fighter, but as a precious jewel he has been entrusted to protect.

"You can't look for suspicious faces," Payne is saying. "There's no such thing. You just watch so people don't get too close. Most of the time, I don't have to do nothing. I just got to be there. I'm like a babysitter, if you can imagine somebody babysitting for Joe Frazier."

Two rounds with Moleman over, Frazier spars a round with Larry Holmes, a young heavyweight Frazier calls his Secretariat because he is so fast. Holmes has Frazier spinning all around the ring, though he is no match for Joe's awesome

When Joe works, Tom works—right behind.

power, and Frazier is hitting him with combinations of lefts and rights. Then Jimmy Young, another youngster, comes in. He, too, is quick, but Frazier connects with a couple of good left hooks before Futch signals an end to the sparring.

Frazier leaves the ring and goes over to work on the "peanut" bag or speed bag, and soon the room reverberates to his rhythmic beat.

Payne has moved from the edge of the ring and is watching Frazier, sometimes flinching at the force of his pounding against the small leather bag. He is asked what his biggest thrill guarding Joe Frazier has been.

He shifts his feet, pondering the question. "Back several years ago," he says softly, "after the Buster Mathas fight, I had the good fortune of inviting Kim Novak to the victory party for Joe. Kim Novak has been one of my idols from way back. And, you know what, I was standing there during the party and Kim Novak came up and kissed me."

That night Frazier has a promotional appearance to make at a local appliance store, where the owners will present him with a washing machine for the gym. Around seven Payne drives Frazier and Futch there in his Cadillac. Three others trail in another car. The place is in one of the city's worst sections, and Payne has difficulty finding it.

When the group arrives, some 60 people are there to fawn over Frazier. All of them call him "The Champ," which seems to please him. Frazier is hustled up to a microphone and presented the washer to enthusiastic applause. One of the owners then asks Frazier what he would change if he had things to do over again.

"Well," Frazier says, "if I had it to do over again, I don't think I'd do it."

Frazier then introduces the people with him and when he gets to Payne he says, "You know, I got a former cop here, and he don't even know where 51st and Parkside is. Now, how you gonna get rid of crime if you don't even know the city?" Payne joins in the laughter.

Afterward, Frazier visits the appliance dealer's warehouse, where a clearance sale is in progress. People swarm around Frazier begging for autographs. One gaunt-looking woman in a red dress jabs a $100 bill in Frazier's face and asks him to sign it. He takes hold of the bill to flatten it on a table, but the woman, seemingly afraid Frazier will pocket the money, holds fast to her end. The bill rips in half. Not at all flustered, the woman whips out another $100 bill, and again she won't let go of it.

"Ma'am, I got to put it down to sign it," Frazier says. She finally relents.

"Wow," Payne says. "Joe don't need a hundred that bad."

The entourage departs, joined now by two friends of Frazier's, and heads over to The Library, a swinging, clubby discothèque that Frazier has frequented before. The group sits at a table and orders drinks. Frazier asks for club soda, Payne for a J&B on the rocks. A mini-skirted waitress returns with everything but Frazier's drink.

"It's always the person who orders the cheapest drink who has to wait the longest," Frazier says.

Up on the wall giant slides flash on and off—of nude women, skiers, hockey matches, dragsters, more nude women, speedboats, baseball players, football games. When some shots of bodybuilders appear, Frazier stands up and assumes a muscular pose. There are oohs and ahs. Frazier sits down and more nude women flash on.

"Look at those, Joe," Futch says.

"I don't think this is part of my training," Frazier smiles, glancing away.

Payne, who is not training, continues looking.

Abruptly, Frazier gets up and asks a cool, pearl-blond beauty wearing a tight tan sweater and green slacks to dance. The two go jerking across the floor as Aretha Franklin reverberates through the room.

When Frazier finishes two dances and Payne two Scotches, Futch signals it is time to leave, even though it is just past nine. Frazier pays the check and the group departs. Frazier's friends offer to take Frazier and Futch home, so Payne heads off toward his Cadillac. Roadwork has been scheduled for five the next morning, but Futch is pleased with Frazier's progress and decides to cancel it. There will be nothing the next day except a filmed interview at noon.

Hurrying over to his car, Tom Payne, for the first time this day, is at peace. Joe Frazier is on his way home, looking for another heavyweight title, and so he no longer is Tom Payne's worry—until noon tomorrow. A fine drizzle begins to mist the windows as Payne swings out of the parking space. He slips a tape cartridge in and taps his fingers on the steering wheel as soft music fills the car. He smiles.

"Well, now, let's see," Payne says. "I don't have to be at the gym until late tomorrow, so I think I'll look up someone and retire home early. I'll have to see who's next on my list. They're gonna really be surprised I'm free tonight. It's sure been a while. Tonight, Tom Payne's gonna live his life." ●

Once, people crossed into Mexico for whores and abortions, but now thousands are coming for unorthodox medical treatments given by renegade American doctors. For those seeking everything from perpetual youth to cancer cures, Tijuana is. . .

THE COURT OF LAST HOPE

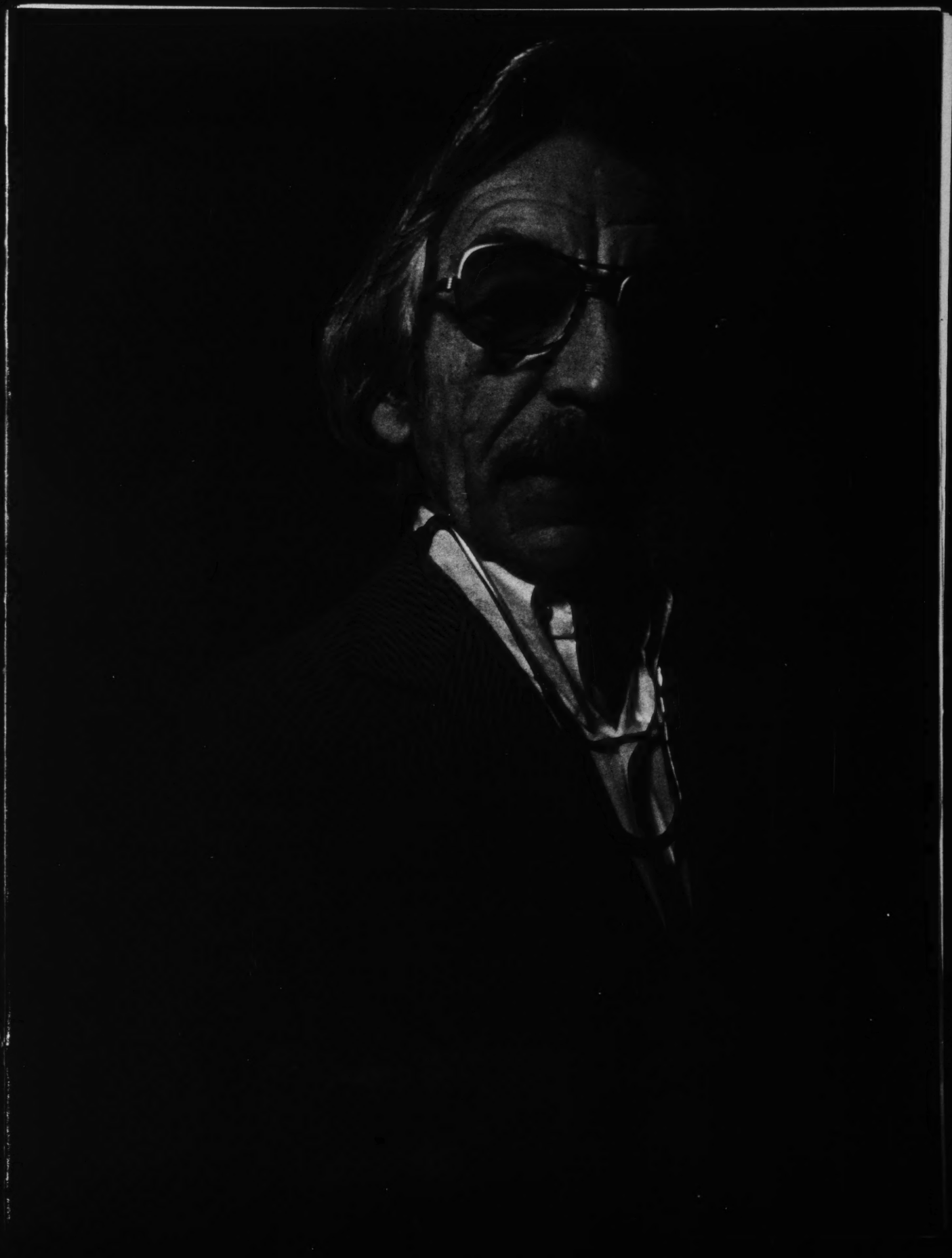
By Sara Davidson

His name is Tom Grayson. He wears white loafers and a madras sports coat, is tall, nervous and has a deep suntan. At 55, he sold his insurance business, divorced his wife and bought a 20-foot motor home in which he is presently sitting, parked on a windy street by the ocean in Tijuana, Mexico.

Popping olives into his mouth and drinking vodka from a cup, Grayson waits to be called for his appointment at the VV Foundation where he has come for cell therapy, a series of injections of cells from the human placenta. The cells, it is promised in VV literature, will rejuvenate his body, rebuild vital organs, remove wrinkles and greyness, reshuffle his chemistry and trigger no less a thing than "physical rebirth."

In Tijuana. Tijuana, the muddy, teeming, unsightly border town so close to the States—20 minutes from San Diego—that Americans can run down for whatever goods and services are illegal or scarce north of the border. Once it was mainly abortions and prostitutes. Now it is everything from cheap car upholstery and body work to bullfights, gambling, low-cost dentistry, prescription drugs without a prescription and gasoline

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE/STILLIFE



Freddie Sutton, an associate at the VV Clinic, administers an unorthodox facial with an ultrasonic therapy unit.

at 36 cents a gallon. But what may be the fastest growing border industry is an array of unorthodox medical treatments that are outlawed in the United States.

All along the Mexican border, colonies of doctors—many American—have settled to practice what is known by enthusiasts as "alternative medicine" or "natural healing" and by critics as "outright quackery." The doctors and their cures are promoted by word of mouth, passed along a circuit of health-food stores, bowling alleys, clubs and publications whose names are a tip-off if you know the code.

Once you plug into the circuit, you learn about the existence of cut-rate rejuvenation therapy in Mexico, the same therapy that Winston Churchill, Somerset Maugham, George Bernard Shaw and Tallulah Bankhead received in Switzerland at triple the price. You also learn of the availability of special cures for tuberculosis and emphysema, and of cancer treatments based on the administration of herbs, vitamins, enzymes, diet supplements and Laetrile, a controversial product made from apricot seeds.

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has consistently ruled that the products used in these treatments are illegal for medical use on the grounds that they have no proven therapeutic value and encourage "false hope." Yet the grapevine carries stories of miracles (documented mainly by hearsay): people who went to Tijuana and were cured; people who were carried in on stretchers and walked out revived—and are still going years after being told they had just a few weeks to live.

So Tijuana and all the border towns are a court of last hope, a region beyond the law, outside the system, luring thousands of people who have nowhere else to go and nothing left to lose.

I don't understand why I went to Tijuana, what strange karmic twist led me on this venture that proved disastrous and from which I did not recover for weeks. I grew up in California and in my childhood mind, Tijuana was the underworld, an exotic swampland I viewed with fascination and dread. Tijuana was where I went with my family to watch bullfights and buy bongo drums, and where we were careful not to eat or drink anything for fear of contracting inscrutable germs. Later, Tijuana was where my friends who got in trouble had to go for illegal abortions. I don't know which image was worse—having an illegitimate child or being operated on by shady Mexican doctors—but for years I kept a list of Tijuana abortionists and the prices they could be chiseled down to.

That was all long ago, though, or so I thought, when I received in the mail a brochure about the VV Foundation. It was sent by Jeannie Smith, a woman in her 50s whom I knew to be a fount of arcane information. The brochure described an American doctor, George Vlassis, who had created a revitalization therapy that would cure many ills and augment everyone's vigor. Vlassis had moved to Mexico, he said, because he thought it might take as long as 20 years for his therapy to be legitimized by the FDA and the AMA. (It took 20 years, he pointed out, for penicillin to be approved for use in this country.)

Vlassis said, "We have something to offer mankind and we don't choose to wait 20 years." He said many other doctors had been driven out of the United States because "the punitive measures that can be brought against doctors by American medical societies and government bodies are a deterrent against independence of thought."

Something here piqued my interest. I wondered what kind of doctors would choose an exile beyond the medical pale. Would they be visionaries, charlatans or mere incompetents? I wondered what people in what states of mind would go to Tijuana to be reborn. And I wanted to learn, if I could, what false as opposed to true hope might be.

So, feeling curious, skeptical, ready for anything, I packed summer clothes and drove to Tijuana. But it was raining and cold. What I hadn't remembered was that northern Mexico's terrain is bleak and inhospitable. The VV Clinic is not in Tijuana itself but in a new suburb by the ocean, *Playas de Tijuana*—Tijuana Beaches. The road there parallels the border, and on one side you see a jumble of shanties painted turquoise, yellow and shocking pink, with crooked roofs, broken windows and laundry lines flapping. Most of the roads are unpaved and have no drainage, so in winter they become moats two feet deep, with tires and refuse floating along and cars submerged as if in quicksand. Men in sombreros wheel pushcarts and children play in the mud. On the other side of the road is the United States; through the barbed wire fence, everything you see is orderly and clean: oil tanks, motels, even fields and neon signs.

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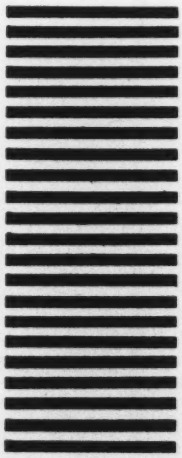

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NEW TIMES

The Mexican road cuts through a barren pass and drops to the coast where a banner welcomes you: "Breathe! Clean air! It's easy to live in Tijuana Beaches, the new Tijuana by the sea." Across from the Monumental Bull Ring is a street with only one white building, the VV Foundation. The first V is for Vlassis, I learn, the second for FIVE—Foundation for the Investigation of Vitalization and Energy. Downstairs is the clinic and upstairs Dr. George Vlassis lives with Fredricka Sutton, a wealthy divorcee from Phoenix.

Freddie Sutton and Jeannie Smith are waiting for me in the clinic, huddled in coats against the cold. There is no indoor heating and no telephone service. Freddie says, "We bought a furnace but we've been waiting six weeks for the man to come hook it up. It's the Mexican *mañana.*" To receive phone messages, the Foundation has an answering service in San Diego, and Freddie drives across the border each day to use American pay phones.

Freddie is a striking, full-bodied woman who dresses in well-tailored pants suits and wears her chestnut brown hair tied back with a polka-dot bow. Speaking softly, harmoniously, with the subtlest southern slur, she describes how she and George started the Foundation.

"He's a funny man," she says. "We knew each other in west Texas. He was a country doctor in a small town, Balmorhea, but he retired 15 years ago and we lost touch." She says he came to visit her in Phoenix in 1971 and told her about his research with cell therapy. "He was kind of floating and didn't know where to go with it. I told him, let's start a foundation."

Freddie had long been a "student of the occult" and had practiced Scientology, so George's ideas about the body appealed to her. Together they raised money, formed a Mexican corporation and opened in 1972.

In no time, Jeannie Smith heard about the treatment and drove down from her home in Santa Ana to see if it would cure her hepatitis. Jeannie is a good-hearted soul, a lifelong seeker who has red hair and a spacey, wide-eyed manner of speaking. "For me this was the end of the line," she says. "I knew my body was in disastrous condition. I had jaundice, the skin inside my mouth was falling off, and the doctors said if I had one more relapse, they would put me in a ward where I would expire." She was so desperate, she says, that she planned to commit suicide on the lawn of UCLA Medical School if the Vlassis treatment failed.

One of the fringe benefits of cell therapy, says Dr. George Vlassis, is "a strong sexual rejuvenation"

But cell therapy worked for her. After the treatment—five injections and three months' worth of pills, at a cost of $500—Jeannie says she regained her energy and her liver returned to normal functioning. Freddie explains why: "The placenta cells travel to the weakest part of the body and start a chain reaction that helps the body build new cells. Consequently, Dr. Vlassis doesn't worry about making an incorrect diagnosis. Whatever is wrong, the cells will help."

The chain reaction continues for months, she says. "One of the fringe benefits our men patients appreciate is a strong sexual rejuvenation."

Suddenly Freddie says to me, "Maybe you'd like a little reality. Let me give you a treatment we've just developed for facial rejuvenation. We implant cells under your skin with sound waves, not needles. New cells start forming, wrinkles disappear and all the muscles are toned up."

Caught by surprise, I stammer and turn to Jeannie, who proposes that I watch her receive a facial treatment instead. While Jeannie and the cells are being readied, Dr. Vlassis strides into the clinic.

He is a tall, gaunt 59, with deep grooves in his face, blue eyes, a mustache and grey hair falling to his collar. He is wearing a bright red shirt and argyle pants. In a booming voice, he immediately states his beliefs: "I don't heal nuthin'. The body does it. All I'm doing is giving it a helping hand. I don't believe in drugs—putting anything in the body that's not there to begin with. I believe in natural methods."

Vlassis (the name is pronounced like molasses) drawls in a style not unlike John Wayne. The word "Europe" becomes "yourp" and people are "human beans." Vlassis says, huskily, "I love my country, but they got hung up on chemical therapy and drugs, and that's not the answer. If they'd get on the beam and go back to natural things, and if they'd treat the whole body instead of one part, they'd increase our life span."

Jeannie Smith is now stretched on a table with a blue shower cap on her hair and white cream on her face. George runs a black instrument over her skin and slowly the cream disappears. "I'm drivin' it in with high-frequency sound waves. They work like laser beams," he says. When it's over, Jeannie's skin is glowing, and the lines around her mouth and eyes actually seem fainter. I'm beginning to regret having turned down the treatment.

I ask George how he discovered cell therapy. He lights a cigarette. "When you're practicing medicine, if you're looking and alert, you pick things up. If you're in a rut you don't, but I couldn't get in a rut. In Balmorhea, I was the only doctor for 50 miles. I had no labs or hospitals for support, and I had everything thrown at me."

He continues: "I thought I was a doctor till I went out there, but I was a fool! I didn't know nuthin' except what they told me in a damn book. But I

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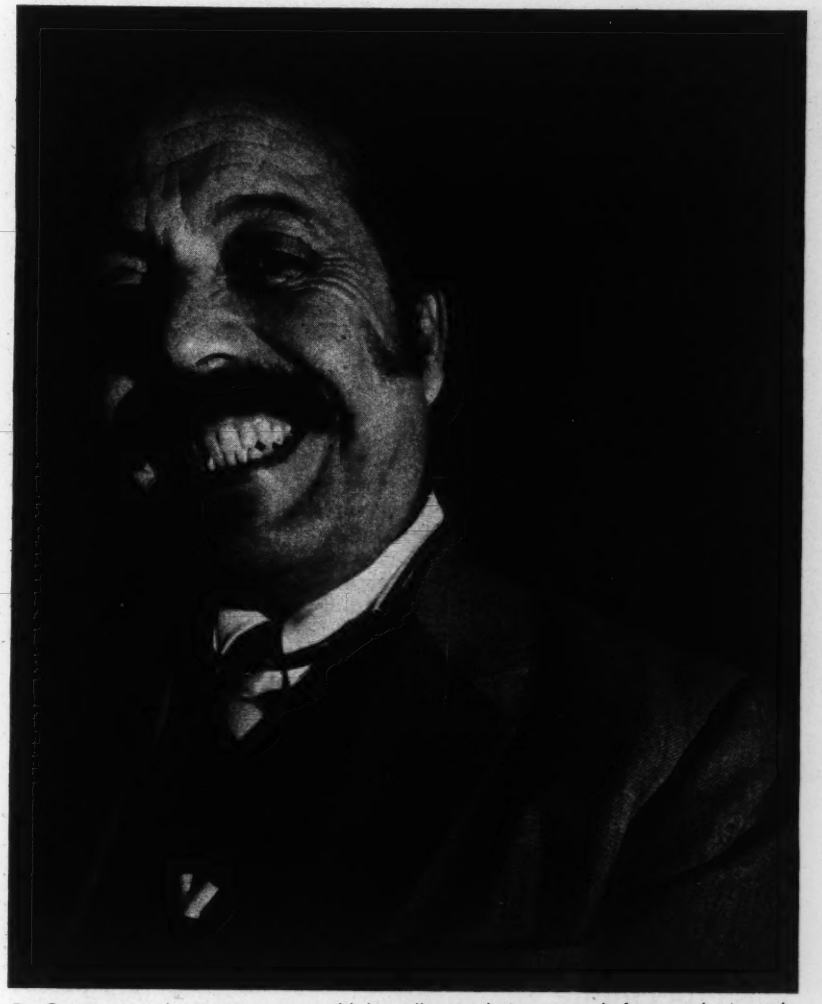

Dr. Contreras, who treats cancer with Laetrile, a substance made from apricot seeds.

learned in a big hurry. I learned how to be a human bean out there too. I seen life for what it really was."

George says he left his practice in El Paso and went to Balmorhea, a lush, green, oil-rich community in a valley sheltered by the Davis Mountains, because he wanted to hunt, fish and take it easy. But the hour he arrived in town, he was called to deliver a baby, and from that point he didn't have a day's rest for 11 years.

"I always experimented. I was a maverick," he says. "So one day a friend of mine who was a drug salesman came through and said, 'Doc, I've got some stuff here nobody knows what it is. It's placenta. It says "no therapeutic value" on it. Here's 30 cc., maybe you can find out what it's good for.' "

George says he put the vial away and forgot it until he had a pregnant patient who was constantly nauseous and couldn't keep down food. "I'd given her Donnatal, everything the book said, and it wasn't working. So I thought, this is not gonna kill her, and took five cc. out of the vial." He grins and smacks his fist in his palm.

"I just busted her square in the buttocks with it! The next day she wasn't nauseated, so I busted her with it again!"

He is chortling with glee. He says he gave placenta to two more pregnant women, and they all had babies at the same time. "Afterwards, I noticed something strange," he says. "Before, these women had a strained, tired look; they were Mexicans, they worked hard and had many children. Well, their deliveries were easy, they recuperated fast and then their skin started to change. Their cheeks grew rosy, their eyes grew bright. Everybody in town noticed the difference. Their whole outlook improved and they looked 10 years younger. Good God, I thought, what is this?"

George next tried placenta on a senile man with severe arthritis. "He walked with a cane and shook badly. They would prop him in a chair and he'd drool and wet his pants. I'd given this guy tranquilizers, everything I knew, and then I said, wait a minute, what the hell. I pulled five cc. of that placenta and, wham, I let him have it!"

George laughs and claps his hands. "Two weeks later this old boy wasn't urinating in his britches. He wasn't spittin' and drooling. Three weeks later he was walking without a cane, and eight weeks later he was out doing gardening. He was a man again!"

Not long afterward, George told his wife and friends he wanted to leave Balmorhea and check out this placenta business. "They thought I'd lost my mind, and I ended up losing my wife and everything. But that's when I went to hunting."

George traveled to Rumania, Germany and Switzerland seeking out doctors and researchers whose approach to medicine differs from the western allopathic tradition. Allopathy is based on identifying germs in the body and finding chemicals or agents to counteract them. The other medical world, which is usually known as "unorthodox," "alternative" or "natural," looks for sources other than germs that contribute to illness and attempts to treat the whole body rather than one ailing part.

This other medical world, which was the focus of a recent conference in Sam Remo, Italy, includes MDs, PhDs, chiropractors, homeopaths, enteropaths, botanists, nutritionists and even a dentist, William Donald Kelly in Grapevine, Texas, who says he cured himself of cancer by such measures as fasting and giving himself coffee and yogurt enemas. What practitioners of unorthodox medicine share are an emphasis on diet and nutrition; use of herbs, plants and minerals in favor of drugs; interest in body manipulation, massage and acupuncture; avoiding, when possible, radical surgery; exploring the influence of the mind on the body; and most important, concentrating on health rather than illness. They prefer to work with patients on prevention. As Vlassis

puts it, "We should have a system like the Chinese used to have: you pay the doctor to keep you well. If you get sick, he gets nothing."

In America, doctors who have tried working in this framework have often been subjected to great harassment. Dr. Max Gerson of New York, whose dietary treatment of cancer was endorsed by Albert Schweitzer, was ostracized by the medical community and stripped of his hospital and teaching posts. Dr. Andrew Ivy, a distinguished professor in Chicago, was brought to trial, which cost $2 million, after he became involved with a controversial cancer treatment, krebiozen. Others, such as William Frederick Koch, fled the country to avoid repeated arrests. Koch discovered a serum, glyoxylide, which was derided and suppressed by the AMA but which Vlassis claims "will help anything from dandruff to leukemia."

Vlassis says he has been using Koch serum since 1949. "It improves oxidation and helps the body destroy all types of viruses and toxins. I take a shot myself as prevention every six months." Vlassis uses Koch serum as part of cell therapy. He also incorporates elements he picked up from Dr. Paul Niehans in Switzerland, whose world famous rejuvenation treatment consists of injections of fetal cells from black sheep.

While the AMA continues to block the practice of "unorthodox medicine," young doctors are expressing interest in it and trying to find sources of information about medicinal plants and natural healing. Each year, more establishment doctors attend the conventions of unorthodox groups like the International Association of Cancer Victims and Friends and subscribe to the nutrition-conscious *Prevention* magazine.

For the moment, though, Vlassis and his colleagues must remain exiled in Tijuana. George insists he is not bitter or resentful. "A fool has resentments. I think America is the greatest country in the world. The only thing wrong is we don't have medical freedom. But America is my fatherland. We're close enough to keep in touch, and I have no time to get lonely."

In the evening, George, Freddie, Jeannie and I drive down the coast to Rosarito Beach for dinner. We have to keep our coats on for warmth, but the meal is sumptuous and expensive, starting with tequila and shrimp down through soup, Caesar salad, native fish, Mexican wine, tacos, crepe suzettes and a chocolate liqueur, Prince Alphonse. The lighting is mellow, the flowers and tiles are gay and I find myself rather enchanted by George. He is a character type I've always been attracted to: tough guy with heart. I sense that he has acquired some sound wisdom, and only shyness prevents me from asking him about every minor quirk and physical oddity I've noticed in myself through the years.

Radical therapists see cancer as a pattern of our wasteful culture, a form of "socially acceptable suicide"

When the mariachi guitar players stop at our table, George requests "Marta" and breaks into an enormous, floppy smile. "Chihuahua, I love this!" he says. "And I love Greek lullabies. One night I was here 'til three in the morning singing, crying and carrying on with the owner. He's a Greek too."

Freddie says Rosarito Beach used to be one of her favorite spots for a night out. "We'd fly down from Phoenix, land on the beach, have dinner and drinks and fly home." She encourages VV patients to stay there and "party," or to bring their families and make a week's vacation out of the treatment.

Those who come to Tijuana with serious diseases, though, are usually too weak to even notice the night life. The cancer patients stay in their rooms across the border or at a motel in Tijuana Beaches which Jeannie warns me to avoid. "I won't go near it," she says. "The cancer people bring a vibe."

Of all the cancer therapies available in Mexico, the most popular is that of Dr. Ernesto Contreras. For 10 years, Contreras, a Mexican pathologist, has devoted himself to treating cancer with Laetrile, a substance made from apricot seeds and alleged to shrink tumors and relieve pain. Contreras does not claim to cure cancer, but he does cite cases of people who have functioned actively for years on Laetrile maintenance. Laetrile is denounced as "useless" by the American Cancer Association, the AMA and many government bodies, but no one has suggested that Laetrile does any harm. The objection is that it stirs "false hope" and prevents gullible people from receiving "proper treatment." Yet 99 percent of those who try Laetrile do so as a last resort, after all "proper treatments" have failed. Grant Leake, chief of the fraud section of California's Food and Drug Bureau, insists, "We're going to protect them even if some of them don't want to be protected."

The number of people pouring into Tijuana for Laetrile is now so great that Contreras recently opened a compound in Tijuana Beaches to accommodate them. There is a clinic, a cheap motel, drugstore, laboratories and two restaurants that serve the prescribed "Laetrile diet." The compound sits in a surreal wasteland of cement and bare earth, two blocks from the ocean. Few people are ever seen walking around, and no signs identify what is what. Over the entrance to Contreras' clinic is a placard that says *Dentista.*

Inside the clinic, which is decorated with bright formica, a hundred people wait for appointments with staff doctors. The wait can be five or six hours, but almost no one reads through this time.

Payment in advance for medicine is required; at Contreras' compound one patient shells out while others discuss their ills.

The people seem either to sit absorbed in thought or to talk in boisterous groups.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wetherby from Denver choose to wait by themselves in a corner. Howard has lung cancer, and his wife, Frances, says they heard about Contreras from the caller in their square dance club. "We're real bitter about the treatment you get in the U.S.," she says. "The doctors gave my husband cobalt and burned out his throat. Then they told us, 'Save your money and stay away from the office.' It's awful. They give you no hope whatsoever. Here at least we got hope."

Mrs. Wetherby's fingers open and close incessantly. "Even if it prolongs his life just six months," she says, leaning so close that we are staring eye to eye. "Would you take it?"

She says Howard was within a year of retiring from his job as a machinist when he learned he had cancer. They had saved all their lives to travel across Europe. "But you know, Howard always said he'd never live to be 60."

"Why?" I ask. Howard mumbles, "I don't know." Frances offers, "Tired of working, taking orders. Tired of getting up in the morning."

Their retirement funds will be rapidly depleted by Laetrile, which, like everything in Mexico, must be paid for in advance in cash: $3 to $9 for a day's supply. Laetrile costs just a few cents a gram to produce, but because it is a black market drug and sources are scarce, the price to Americans is inflated.

Mrs. Wetherby, like the others who come to Tijuana, is angry and humiliated that she must smuggle her husband's medicine across the border like a criminal. "We shouldn't have to come to this Godforsaken place. They should let us have Laetrile in the States," she says. "It's our money. If we want to spend it on this, we should have the right."

Perhaps the reason that methods for treating cancer are so tightly and vigilantly controlled is that cancer represents a glaring failure of western medicine and is therefore a threat to its authority. Cancer is the epidemic of our time. One in three of us will face it, and yet no doctor knows how to prevent or cure it. Surely at some future point, the presently accepted methods of treating cancer such as cutting off limbs and killing flesh with radiation will seem as barbaric as bloodletting. But until then, all anyone has to grasp are theories.

The theories swing well beyond the medical world, where cancer is suspected to be caused by viruses. Health food fanatics say cancer comes from eating too much beef, processed foods and white sugar. Dr. Vlassis believes it is caused by emotional stress and strain—"people never slowing down." An astrologer in California says cancer comes from selfishness committed in this life or a previous one. Radical therapists in Berkeley see cancer as a pattern of our wasteful culture with its unchecked growth. Andrew McNaughton, who has donated large sums to Laetrile research, asserts that for many people, cancer is a form of "socially acceptable suicide. I've seen hundreds," he says, "who just give up and are happy to die."

What struck me about the cancer patients I met in Tijuana was that many looked physically the way I feel inside when I am depressed: grey, down-in-the-mouth, slumped in defeat. A significant number, like Mr. Wetherby, had contracted cancer just before they were due to retire, just before a future they'd been postponing all their lives was about to become the present. There were some, though, who appeared as if they were in perfect health and were determined to fight to the end.

Everyone demonstrated kindness and sensitivity. Those who were stronger helped those who were weaker. They shared food, vitamins, wheat grass and carrot juice and passed along newspaper clippings of new-hope treatments. In mid-afternoon, small groups would set off for the ocean and walk along the boardwalk where they would be assailed by mariachis

in pink ruffled shirts, shoeshine boys and men selling tacos and candied apples.

In the evening, they visit each other in the compound motel, *Los Girasoles*—the sunflowers. The motel is architecturally weird, built of round, prefabricated units that are arched on top so that walking inside, you feel as if you are entering a fish's mouth. The rooms are oddly shaped and cramped, like ships' quarters, and have narrow beds and rugs the consistency of indoor-outdoor carpeting. They cost $7 a day, and Mrs. Cornelia Wig of St. Paul, Minn., having passed a sleepless first night, is resolving to make the best of it.

"I nearly went off my tree last night," she says. "I was homesick and scared and I didn't know a soul. I thought this would be like the United States. I didn't know there would be no telephones. I expected sun and the beaches, sitting out under the palm trees, but I've been colder than I was in St. Paul."

Mrs. Wig is talking with two women she has just met, Lenore, whose cancer is so advanced that she is constantly in pain, and Mary, a nurse who always feared she would get cancer but whose husband came down with it last spring.

Lenore says, with a tinkly laugh, "I had two appointments and broke 'em both before I got up the nerve to come here. My children begged me, 'Mom, don't go to that awful place!' "

Cornelia says, "I figure it can't hurt me and it may do me some good. I've made up my mind anyway. I'm not going to die. Mind over matter." She nods emphatically.

Mary says, "What a wonderful attitude." But Mary has nagging doubts, she says, about the scruples of some of the doctors in Mexico. She has heard rumors about a Canadian doctor in Tecate who is selling Laetrile that is really sugar. Today she met a couple who bought a packet of medicine that was short 10 pills—at $3 a pill. And in the clinic, she saw "a worried little man who pointed to his prescription and said, 'Three months' medicine—$1,200.' "

Mary frowns. "This frightens me. I was thinking of having myself tested for cancer while we're here, but I think there's a chance that regardless of the results, they'll say I need the treatment."

Cornelia agrees. "I definitely feel we're being taken advantage of. This whole town caters to the clinics and charges exorbitant prices. But I like the doctor I'm seeing. He's well educated, neat and precise. He gave me a lot of confidence. But he's going to have to kill or cure this now because I don't plan on coming back."

It seemed a dybbuk was jinxing and poisoning everything in my life. Bad news arrived almost daily

After spending a day at the compound, I feel shaky myself and am somewhat alarmed about my diet. If the theories I've been hearing in Mexico are correct, I've already overdosed my system with enough sugar and beef, not to mention emotional strain and trauma, to produce 10 malignancies. I load up on apricots, almonds, carrots and organic fig bars and then, feeling unusually tired, go to sleep. The next day I feel even less well, and the day after that, my last in Tijuana, I have a fever and can barely function. I find George Vlassis in his apartment drinking coffee while a game show rattles on the color TV. Downstairs, six patients are waiting in the clinic, four for cell therapy and two for cancer treatment. George does not work on cancer cases himself but has added two doctors to the staff who treat cancer with Laetrile and Koch serum.

George says, "Way back I took care of cancer patients and it got to me. You know you're the last hope. They've been butchered, radiated, they're grasping for a straw and you're *it*. Some of them are energy stealers. They drain you down. You do everything you know and maybe it's not enough. When you get to know these people over time, it hurts."

George says he always gives patients hope, however, no matter how far gone the case. "If you have no hope, why, you're a dead duck! When you take aspirin, don't you hope it's gonna work? Those guys who say we give false hope, don't they inspire hope when they shoot cobalt into someone?"

He goes downstairs to give placenta shots to a couple in their 60s, then wanders outside to dig a hole for a clothesline pole. It reminds him, he says, of the time he staked a friend to an oil rig in Texas, drilled for weeks and hit a field that was named for him. "But it did me no good. I got cheated out of everything."

I am feeling dizzy and lean against a wall. George starts running down his political views. He's angry we didn't "fight to win" in Vietnam and says of the Middle East conflict: "I don't blame them A-rabs one bit. I got nothing against Jews but they are trying to run over the world. They been nomads all their lives. You don't see other nations pullin' that."

I tell George I don't feel well and ask if I look all right. He gives a quick glance, says, "Yuh," and changes the subject.

He says one day he plans to have clinics all across the Mexican border—in Juarez, Nogales, Mexicali, Matamoros and Nuevo Laredo. "American doctors who want to try unorthodox methods could come down with their patients and supervise their treatment," he says.

"The patients coming here now are telling the system to go to hell. They don't believe in it as far as their bodies are concerned. If they can buy three more hours, three more minutes of life, they're gonna do it and I admire them. If I had the money I'd put the biggest ad in the U.S. newspapers and radio stations. I'd tell ev-

Tijuana—a rat hole of a town—teeming with rip-off artists. For some it is a nightmare, for others their last resort.

erybody to come on down. It's all free! And you'd see the damndest revolution in the United States, medically, you ever set eyes on."

We exchange goodbyes, but before leaving Tijuana I have one last stop—to see Dr. Bob Howell, originally of Arkansas, who is dispensing the Hoxsey cancer tonic developed by Harry Hoxsey of Dallas. Hoxsey tonic is made of licorice, potassium iodine, red clover, prickly ash and poke root. Dr. Howell has told me to leave my car in Tijuana and take a cab to his clinic in the hills.

I start down *Avenida Revolucion* to find a taxi but suddenly feel faint. The street is lined with tourist shops and the vendors cry out, "Lady, come look, you don't have to buy nothing!" A young boy tugs my arm—"You want I take your picture on a burro?" The smell of tacos frying in grease is overpowering. I find a cab and the driver wants $5 for what I've been told is a $2 ride. Haggling, bargaining, tinny mariachi music from a dozen radios, grease, barefoot children—Stop! I crumple the address of the clinic in my hand, weave back to the parking lot and drive, or rather creep, with utter determination, across the border to the airport.

I assumed I had a virus I would shake in a few days, but the fever lasted week after week after week. At home now, I laid in bed and stewed. I wondered if I would be so sick if I had taken a Koch injection. I also wondered, in retrospect, how much I could believe of George's stories and claims.

I became progressively frustrated and confused. It was not just the physical illness. It seemed as if somewhere in Tijuana a dybbuk had latched onto me and was jinxing and poisoning everything in my life. Bad news arrived by phone almost daily. Relationships of long duration shattered unexpectedly. I saw a black dog with only three legs, and at night strange bugs entered my house.

I went to see a doctor, a competent internist who took a battery of tests and said everything was normal, go home and wait it out. I had an FUO—fever of undetermined origin—and there was nothing he could do to help.

Two weeks later, I tried the other medicine. I visited a psychic healer who told me my battery was way down and "jolted" me by holding his palms over my stomach. Curiously, I was better the next few days, but then a relapse left me weaker than before.

I experimented with diets. First, I tried a vegetarian health-food regime. Then a friend who is a psychiatrist suggested I drink only fruit juices. The healer, however, told me I needed protein to "recharge" and instructed me to eat meat and potatoes. It was at this point that I read in the newspaper that Adelle Davis has cancer. Adelle Davis, who wrote in one of her books, "I have yet to know of a single adult to develop cancer who has habitually drunk a quart of milk daily."

I threw out all the health food jars. I would go back to what I was taught in grammar school about a balanced diet and three square meals. It seemed clear that proponents of "the other medicine" exaggerate nutrition as the key to health. Like all radicals, they swing to extremes so that everyone will move a few inches. They may have discovered bits of truths about health, but they have yet to provide a real alternative to orthodox western medicine.

Neither camp has a full view. Neither perceives all the interconnecting factors between the body, the mind, the environment, the soul and perhaps a hundred other elements that affect our physical destiny.

So I resolved, as I entered Week Four of my initial FUO, to simply trust my body. I would stop looking for doctors, diagnoses and cures. I would stop feeling frustrated and allow myself to be sick. I would get in bed and stay there until I felt well again. Which after another four days I did. ●

TELEVISION

Our 27th Annual Award for Heroism on television

By Stuart Werbin

The last television program of 1973, a glowing ball falling from a tower into the dimness of energy-controlled Times Square, and the first television program of 1974, a video replay of the same, are well behind us now. The only responsibility left for the 1973 season is to be around when the awards are passed out. The Peabodys for enlightened excellence, the Emmys for peer approval, the Golden Globes for popularity and our own Georgette for Heroism.

The Georgette, named for our first recipient, is not given to actors. It is instead awarded directly to the television *character* who week after week demonstrates a heroic model which the society of the time endeavors to reflect through everyday life. The wisdom of passing over the actors themselves in favor of their characterizations is convincingly borne out by the example of Ben Cartwright, the patriarch on the range who will still be riding across the Ponder-rosas of our minds long after Lorne Greene (whose subsequent show, *Griff*, was forgotten as quickly as it could be said) is too old to stump for Hubert Humphrey.

This is Georgette's 27th year, dating back to 1947, the year that television created its first regularly scheduled programs for the 14,000 Americans who owned sets, and not coincidentally the year your judge and master of awards was born. This year—in which Elliot Richardson by refusing to follow one single order (and getting axed quicker than *Calucci's Department* as a result) was praised in editorial infinitum as "a hero in a heroless time"—we finally realized the necessity to publish the name of the winner. But before announcing the new hero it is only fair that we list some of his heretofore unheralded predecessors.

In 1947 television was just beginning to dabble with the idea that it could function as an information source. The first four regular programs were *Juvenile Jury, Howdy Doody, Kukla Fran and Ollie* and *Meet the Press*. The first hero had to be found in an arena which TV did not create but merely looked in upon, thus expanding its popularity. The arena was the wrestling arena, the hero was Gorgeous George, after whom our trophy was named.

In 1949 the tube finally had a creation of its own worthy of our award—a man of future promise who took his name from the media that gave him space to explore, Captain Video.

In 1951 no regular TV personality captured the imagination of the now seven-figured viewing public as much as crime busting Senator Estes Kefauver.

The 1952 winner had neither gorgeous blond hair, a space ship or a voting constituency. But Sgt. Joe Friday "carried a badge" and that was enough.

Lassie was the winner for 1954 and we were greatly disappointed to learn that the first nonmale to cop first prize was played by a clever female impersonator whose real name was Lad.

The 1958 season was a transition period. Peter Gunn, the closest thing TV had to a bohemian, edged out the Rifleman, who always won on the tube because he stayed out of range of all the other guys.

In 1961 *Ben Casey* won because he was smart and tough and mean and had no fear of anybody else's death.

In 1962 Richard Nixon had a golden opportunity to win the Georgette, but he couldn't make good on his promise to quit public life. The award went to Ben Cartwright, who had been outpointed the previous two seasons.

In 1965 we yielded to pressure from the National Association for the Advancement of Sidekicks and gave the award to *I Spy*'s Alexander Scott, Rhodes Scholar, Secret Agent and tournament-play ballboy.

In 1968 CBS newsman Dan Rather won a purple heart for getting punched in the stomach at the Chicago convention, but all the supposed TV heroes adopted a stance of inverted valor and declined to accept their nominations rather than outpoll Julia.

In 1972, the year of the Knapp Commission report, we found Columbo, who talked funny. He mumbled thanks to his wife, who hadn't shown up.

And *finally* the 1973 award for heroism in television goes to *Mash*'s Captain Hawkeye Peerce. Hawkeye is a breed of hero who only a few seasons back would have been classified as an anti-hero because of his rebellious and often selfish nature. But today, living in such a heroless time, we can hardly afford to support a classical sense of heroism.

Hawkeye, of course, lives in a remote Korean medical outpost which during a time of war attempts to pass itself off as civilization. There is supposed to be a primary function for the outpost but intricate rules of order and protocol constantly collide with the urgency of each situation. Hawkeye throws out the rule book in devoting himself to his primary function, which is clearly defined in his mind as "keeping live people from becoming dead people." Hawkeye's heroism is tested each week when Radar the soothsayer signals that the helicopters are delivering more wounded and Peerce must prove to the guardians of the rules (Frank and Hotlips) that being the best is good enough to allow him to be bad. Hawkeye is the best, just as Ben Casey was before him. But unlike Casey, Hawkeye is all alone in the chaos of his time, without benefit of the experienced guidance of a Doctor Zorba. Hawkeye's CO, Henry Blake, has long since resigned himself to the feeling that the past no longer applies. How can it when the past is a suburban practice and the present is war in Korea? Also unlike Casey, Hawkeye is not an asshole. For that we salute him. ●

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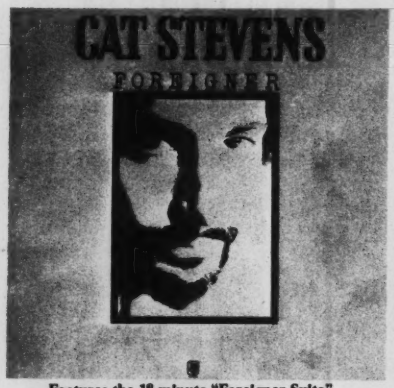

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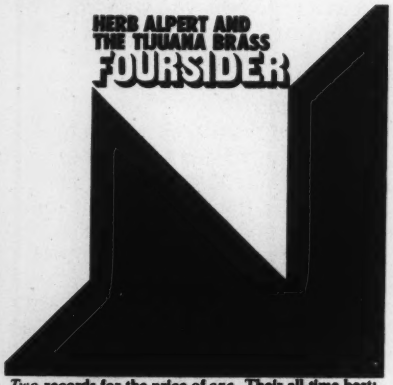

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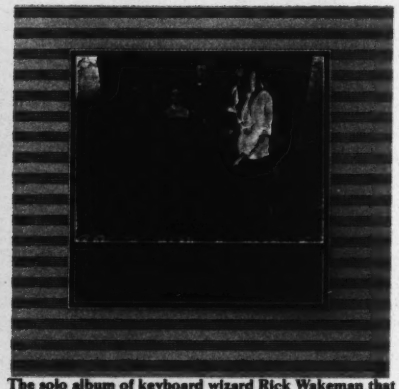


The solo album of keyboard wizard Rick Wakeman that *TIME* called "improvisatory, imaginative."

Give music for Christmas from A&M Records.

The President and the press are attacking each other. So what's new?

By John D. Lofton Jr.

The *Wall Street Journal* recently ran a front-page story in which it reported on a group of people who had been sent into "a frenzy of scratching, fainting, vomiting, numbness, crying and screaming." I assumed this was an article about some of the reactions to President Nixon's criticisms of "outrageous, vicious, distorted reporting," and I read on. But the story was on mass hysteria in an elementary school and had nothing to do with Richard Nixon.

Seriously, though, folks. The Administration and the press are at it again. So, what else is new? Every administration and the press have been at it at one time or another.

In his 1965 book, *A Thousand Days*, Arthur M. Schlesinger wrote:

"Washington reporters, with their acute sense of contemporaneity, always believe that each new administration is plotting an assault on the freedom of the press with a determination and malignity never before seen in the republic; the iniquities of past Presidents fade quickly in retrospect." Schlesinger reports that when *Look* Magazine came out with a piece detailing the indignities newspapermen were suffering under Kennedy, the President laughed and remarked, "This is the best example of paranoia I have seen from those fellows yet."

Speaking of Kennedy, author David Wise in his book *The Politics of Lying*, tells how in 1960 Presidential candidate Kennedy vowed to literally castrate CBS President Frank Stanton because JFK didn't like a network report on the Wisconsin primary vote. Upset because the report raised the issue of his Catholic religion, Kennedy is quoted as telling CBS reporter Blair Clark, "Wait till I'm President—I'll cut Stanton's balls off." Wise further reports that when Stanton talked with JFK on the phone about the report and pointed out newspapers had also raised the religion issue, Kennedy said, "But this is different, you're licensed."

According to the Wise book, this was not the first licensing threat Kennedy made regarding the networks. Newton Minow, appointed head of the FCC by Kennedy, is quoted as saying that in April of 1962 after a story that was highly critical of the President was broadcast on the NBC *Huntley-Brinkley Report*, Kennedy called Minow. As Minow recalls the conversation, it went like this:

JFK: Did you see that goddamn thing on *Huntley-Brinkley*?

Minow: Yes.

JFK: I thought they were supposed to be our friends. I want you to do something about that.

Minow says he did not do anything, instead calling a Kennedy aide the next morning and asking him to tell the President he was lucky to have an FCC chairman who doesn't do what the President tells him.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was another President who had his run-ins with the Fourth Estate. The Freedom of Information Center of the University of Missouri's School of Journalism in a report, notes:

"FDR realized the power of the press . . . the political uses to which the press could be employed. Although FDR battled the press with wit and understanding, there were times when he incurred the full wrath of the nation's news media. One such time involved the National Industrial Recovery Act (NRA), which placed restrictions on all industries, including the publishing industry."

In 1933, the dean of the Columbia School of Journalism, Carl Ackerman, blasted FDR's proposed press-licensing plan as "a dictatorship under the Roosevelt Administration." The New York *Times* editorially clobbered the plan on December 10, 1933, as ". . . insidious and dangerous attacks on their [the people's] liberties."

In his book *Presidents and the Press*, James Pollard observes:

"Newspaper owners stood high on the list of Roosevelt whipping boys. . . . Periodically the Roosevelt Administration sounded the alarm about the press: It was false to its trust, it failed to give the public the whole story, it played down anything favorable to the Administration and exaggerated what was bad, manufactured anti-Roosevelt stuff out of whole cloth. . . ."

In another book, *News from the Capital*, F.B. Marmut reports that FDR in his later years resorted on occasion to telling reporters who tried to pin him down to "go into the corner and put on the dunce cap." In November of 1940, FDR ordered the Secret Service to bar syndicated columnist Paul Mallon from a press conference because he had written something critical of the President.

Those critical of the Nixon Administration's relations with the press will undoubtedly respond to the points I have made by saying that things are much, much different now than when JFK or FDR were around. And they are absolutely correct. I know of no Nixon plan to license the press or threat to emasculate a network president. ●

John D. Lofton Jr. is the former editor of the Republican party publication, Monday.

Demonic nausea or, Friedkin's *Exorcist*

By Frank Rich

The Exorcist is a costly carnival of nausea with the same widespread appeal of a bloody three-car collision alongside the New Jersey turnpike. You don't want to look at it, but neither can you bring yourself to turn away. In a world where self-flagellation is one of the few readily accessible kicks left, I don't doubt for a second that people will beat down doors to get their share of the gross-out.

This movie, which William Friedkin has directed from William Peter Blatty's adaptation of his own bestseller, contains moments as viscerally repulsive as anything I've ever seen in a movie house, including the eye-slitting sequence in the Dali-Bunuel *Un Chien Andoulou* and the current bout between a plastic surgeon and Elizabeth Taylor's alleged flesh in *Ash Wednesday*. If nothing else, *The Exorcist* makes an Aristotelian argument for theaters to provide buttered Valium along with the popcorn at their candy stands.

Whatever the abstract merits of physical discomfort as an aesthetic experience, the torment in this instance may strike some moviegoers as insufficient reward for sitting through all that is execrable in *The Exorcist*'s windy plot. The difference between me and you in all of this is that I get paid to see this picture while you must pay to see it: I am not a creature of free will when it comes to *The Exorcist* and you are. You may well resent spending good money to let Messrs. Friedkin and Blatty jerk off your psyche's unsavory impulses and play havoc with your alimentary track—all for the selfish purpose of garnishing an otherwise impoverished sliver of entertainment.

Despite the chic Georgetown settings and the author's self-proclaimed debt to an actual 1949 case involving an exorcist and a 14-year-old boy in Mt. Rainier, Md., Blatty's screenplay is—its shock effects aside—the same old witchcraft rigamarole about an innocent being who comes to be possessed by demons. Almost half the film is devoted to waiting and waiting and waiting for the Devil and a young miss named Regan (Linda Blair) to get it on. Possibly to give the illusion of movement during this period of stasis, director Friedkin takes us on a little trip to disparate locales (northern Iraq, Georgetown and New York City), much in the manner of the opening of his *French Connection*. But this expensive junket proves only tenuously relevant to what follows and is about as edifying as one of those 20-countries-in-14-days continental tour packages.

Since we must travel with the director anyway, I guess we can be grateful that he keeps sightseeing per se to a minimum. Instead there are side freakshows here and there, attempts to establish an atmosphere of ecclesiastical mysticism and guilt, but more like trailers for the ensuing main events: a vicious dogfight in sandstormy Iraq, a parade of gnarled human vegetables at a welfare hospital in New York (à la Samuel Fuller's *Shock Corridor*) and a lightning-sudden cocktail-party brawl in the nation's capital. The metaphysical also rears its ambiguous head courtesy of some Bergmanesque imagery—an erratic clock pendulum, some hieroglyph-covered medallions and at least one horse-drawn carriage run wild.

Blatty, who once wrote a screenplay for a very funny Blake Edwards film called *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?*, has gone out of his way to tie the director's hands behind his back. Besides the early aimless subterfuge, the script is blistered with gags, some about movies and others about religion, that would fail to qualify for even a Bob Hope Oscar telecast monologue. The jokes are in lieu of characters, of whom the writer has provided only one of any interest whatsoever: Father Karras, an athletic, Hopkins- Harvard-educated psychiatric priest who may well be God's answer to Rhodes scholars everywhere. As played by the dark, pensive and good-looking Jason Miller (best known as the author of *That Championship Season*), Karras becomes the film's fiery, though celibate, sexual

Regan (Linda Blair) as she appears in pre-rug-spattering form in The Exorcist.

surrogate.

Max von Sydow (as the exorcist), Lee J. Cobb (a detective), the late Jack MacGowran (a film director) and Kitty Winn (it was hard to tell who she was supposed to be) all receive top billing for roles that range from walk-ons to cameos. With the exception of von Sydow (who is integral to the story), they are superfluous, gaudy clutter. Ellen Burstyn, made up to look like Glenda Jackson, plays Regan's mother, a divorced but nice movie star and concerned parent who, with Friedkin's more than willing assistance, takes us along to the hospital to watch her child undergo a spinal tap that only a mother could love.

The real stars of this film are the budget and the lavish special effects the money has wrought. Only when Regan pees on a livingroom rug with a malevolent spatter that may do for bedwetting what Michel Piccoli (in *The Grande Bouffe*) did for involuntary stooling, does the kibbitzing end and the nerve gnashing begin. Furniture, out for blood in a way that only animated chests of drawers and bedside tables can be, crashes around the bedroom. A man of medicine, at Regan's bedside trying to solve her case by worldly means, gets in exchange for his kindly efforts a swift rap at his unassuming balls. Regan's eyes and head twirl around simultaneously in their respective sockets as her face turns green and cracks into blood-emitting fissures. In a scene that makes a superficially similar one in Bergman's *Cries and Whispers* seem as homey as a hysterectomy, Regan takes a metal cross and jabs herself repeatedly in the crotch—all the while roaring out four-letter expletives in a gravelly growl that sounds like Georgie Jessel might if he were to drop acid. It seems that Warner Bros. could save a lot of people a fair amount of time by taking these scenes out of the film and packaging them as a short, perhaps to be shown on a double bill with Tod Browning's *Freaks*.

While Friedkin has made Blatty's novel as palpably hideous as any director could, it must have been frustrating for him to realize—if he in fact has—that even someone of his prolific talents could not push the air bubbles out of the narrative's bloodstream. Next to his two best films, *The Night They Raided Minsky's* and *The French Connection*, both of which were models of storytelling economy and seamless organic unity, *The Exorcist* is strained and showy. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the movie's climax, which Friedkin has shot with a feel for vertigo that Hitchcock might envy: even this eruption of breathless craftsmanship cannot make an ending snap, crackle and pop when, in terms of what has gone before, it doesn't even snap. Five minutes later, you forget the denouement and the felicity with which it was executed, just as you forget the movie's exposition, its people and its maze of visual symbols. All that is left is the panorama of perversity sandwiched in between—and that, no matter what shape your stomach's in, is not nearly enough.

"My guts were on fire 24 hours a day," cries social worker Cora Williams as she recalls her junkie past to a whore named Pashen somewhere near the end of a film called **Willie Dynamite.** If Cora Williams were played by anyone other than Diana Sands, one might dismiss the line as just another ornament of Hollywood pimp drama, suffering as defined by a computer programmed for black exploitation movies. With Ms. Sands in the part, the words are something else, feverish sounds dredged up from scarred depths that she seemed to discover anew each time she reached for them in performance.

The odd thing about this woman was that when she wasn't unleashing the darker forces of her spirit, she often seemed to be a throaty-voiced coquette, sexy and a little blowsy, a black Jean Arthur without the requisite 1930's surface naivete but just as wise. Even when Diana Sands was situated in the bitter circumstances of plays like Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun* or James Baldwin's *Blues for Mister Charlie*, she appeared to be repressing a chuckle, resisting the desire to cock a smartass eyebrow.

"Looking for work?" asks Willie the pimp, taunting do-gooder Cora as he escapes the clutches of the New York laws once more. "What does a pimp know about work, hmmm?" she replies, her voice a saucy hum edged with sarcasm. Cora can afford to be flip, for she speaks from the certain knowledge that she will destroy the man's pimpdom for good by the movie's end. And yet the crack is not truly nasty, for it comes not from spite but from a larger frame of human reference—one that accommodates compassion and belongs as much to Ms. Sands as all the characters she played. When, an hour later, she has successfully wrecked Willie's career and fortune, she cannot enjoy the victory. "I wanted to destroy what Willie was," she tells her blood-thirsty DA boyfriend, who would like to see Willie put away forever. " But hate him? I don't hate him." She leaves her lover, the son of "Philadelphia's first black Supreme Court justice," and goes out for a cup of coffee with the fallen villain instead.

Still a young woman, Diana Sands died last September. *Willie Dynamite*, a serious but bungled attempt by director Gilbert Moses (*Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death*) and screenwriter Ron Cutler to dissect their lowlife title character, was her last movie. It's a talky film, full of plot threads that never come together to form a whole cloth and cant explanations for complex social phenomena. Ms. Sands works, though, even when the movie sloughs off. To see her in this film—whether she is in bed to make love or speaking with authority of the price of smack or trying to save souls—is to remember how one great actress could forge something beautiful out of pain.●

Diana Sands, right, trying to save a soul (Joyce Walker) in her last film.

BOOKS

A novelist laureate on life among the ultra-strivers of New York's Upper East Side

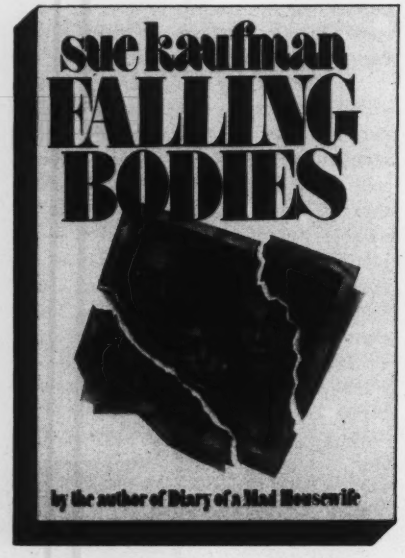
Falling Bodies by Sue Kaufman, Doubleday, 288 pp., $7.95.

Hardy had his Wessex, O'Hara his Gibbsville, Faulkner his Yoknapatawpha—realms drawn from real-life atlases but so charged by their creators' urgent visions as to become emotionalized landscapes of the soul. Their places cast a spell, and it is the spell as much as any pregnant theme or metamorphosis of character that is the point of their work.

Sue Kaufman contrives similar effects, but her territory is not the rolling English west country or a walled-in Pennsylvania burg or the pulsing, miasmic Delta country of Mississippi. Ms. Kaufman cultivates her muse in less picturesque terrain—the deluxe tiers of New York City's Upper East Side; with the appearance of her fifth book, she enters a serious bid as a novelist laureate of life among the ultra-strivers, Manhattan division. Her third book, *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, won wide attention, both in print and an unusually faithful film version, for its portrait of a sane but unraveling wife of a quintessential New York uptightnik, addled by ambition for status, and a male-chauvinist-martinet to boot (which she did). In her new novel, Ms. Kaufman turns her running investigation of the East Side psyche into a demolition job of the prevailing values.

Plot is not the point, of course, of a Sue Kaufman rondo. It is the shape of her heroines' heads, and Emma Sohier's head is on the soggy side as we come upon her. It has been, she says, A Rough Year: she had to oversee a forced transfer to a new apartment in six frantic weeks of search and siege, then watched her mother wither and die before a swift burst of cancer, then fell victim herself to a fever of undetermined origin (or FUO, as the medicos jauntily dub it) that put her in the hospital for endless weeks with a numbing temperature of 101.8. Now she is back from the hospital, listless and depressed, still too weak to resume her job in "a storefront tutoring project" (whatever that is, it *sounds* stylishly philanthropic) and prey to the demoralizing developments on her home front.

Prominent among these is the continued coldness of her 11-year-old son



Benjy, formerly a model Fauntleroy, now taken to sassing his teachers, parents and the help when not busy converting his bedroom into a miniature Los Alamos of electric switches, sockets, wires and filaments, half of them filched from sidewalk trash baskets. Then there is the "disquieting, ever-obtrusive presence" of Maria Nonez, an all-expenses-paid Colombian cook, housekeeper and tyrant, installed for seven fun-filled weeks by Emma's casually vicious mother-in-law while Emma is regrouping. And there is "the endless bombardment of phone calls" from Minda (for Melisandre) Wolfe, a long-lost Radcliffe classmate who surfaces sporting saucer-sized sunglasses, mammoth free-floating breasts, an indefatigable tongue and enough hangups to supply any self-respecting encounter group for years. But most of all, there is Harold, Emma's husband of 14 years. Good, kind, rational, vulnerable Harold, the book-publishing executive, whose tolerance for Emma's temporary frailty has been wiped out by his long-festering dread of infectious micro-organisms. He is, in fact, batty as a cavern about what he commits to his gullet—is even on the verge of installing a can of Lysol in his attache case for spraying on the mouthpiece of any public telephone he is obliged to use during flu epidemics.

How Emma copes with this kookie crew would be the stuff of a whacky sitcom, but cheap snickers is not what Sue Kaufman is about. Each character in her cast is a project in his or her own right—there are no second, third or fourth bananas here, excepting perhaps Emma's classically malingering doorman—and each is rendered with such intensity that even when off-stage, his or her dominant humor is almost palpably present. Ms. Kaufman is a master (can a Ms. be a master?) of hyperbole, which is highly combustible stuff. But she does not hesitate to build a defining quirkiness into her people and to keep enlivening it, making it more graphic and more insistent until it blooms as a feral compulsion just this side of the bizarre.

Such a virtuoso is she at this zany coloration that all her characters perform one or more show-stopping numbers along the way. Minda on the telephone, letting it all hang out, is priceless. Harold's catalog of potentially disabling parasites, with preventive measures against same, is thigh-slappingly revelatory. Or consider the ceaseless reproaches of Maria, maid and resident conscience-tweaker:

> "You very funny eaters in this family. I never see people eat so funny before. Every day the Benjamin come in from school and eat the what you call snax, and then

have no happetite for what I cook. His *padre* also always eating the snix, and beside that always ack like he think I maybe poison him. You are the only one in this house who eat *normale*, *señora*, but you still eat pic-a-pac like the *pájaro*, the bird. . . ."

This sort of sniping-in-dialect escalates until Maria, who nearly steals the whole show, confronts Emma with the grim truth: the Sohier nest is "a house where is no sunshine, no joy."

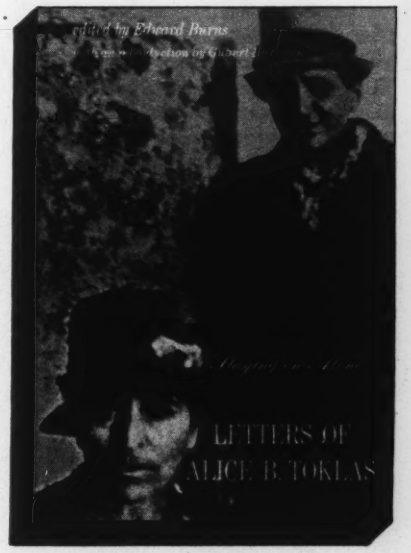
Crossroads of all these colliding tensions is the inside of Emma's head, a monitoring center of rarefied (and saving) whimsy and acute sensitivity. Amid the unpeeling layers of her overprivileged life, Emma feels it all—and her moments of emotional devastation register powerfully. She sees a fellow patient jump to his death on her last night at the hospital, thanks God he didn't bloody the landing spot and is haunted for weeks by the fear of a falling body whooshing down upon her. She brings home a Halloween pumpkin in the buoyant hope of patching things up with estranged son Benjy, who, invited to carve it, practically spits in her eye. We share, too, the panic that sends her fleeing from the waiting room of a shrink on her reluctant first visit. And the pain with which death informs her how much she loved the proud, cold woman who was her mother and a stranger for so long.

Brisk and witty in the telling, genuine in the compassion it wrings from us, *Falling Bolies* is not without problems. No matter how you slice him, Harold Sohier is an overdrawn monster whose redeeming qualities, rather like those of the husband in *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, elude us. Maria's closing monologue, scorching to a point, becomes an endless *j'accuse* against American civilization. And the tempo of emotions and events, controlled throughout, spins out of synch at the close, as if the whole production were running out of time or were over budget and had to be wrapped up in a twinkling.

Still, no one now working this gamey slice of life has produced—with anything like the love, dignity, intelligence and ginger that Sue Kaufman displays in quickening her creations—a comparably sustained portrait of the urban crisis at its posh apex. Gristede's may yet do us in.—**Richard Kluger**

Letters Of Alice B. Toklas edited by Edward Burns, introduction by Gilbert Harrison, Liveright, 426 pp., $11.95.

How many years after Gertrude Stein's death? No matter. It was always on Alice's mind; she was but a "memory" of Gertrude, she said too often. We were talking of the dissolving marriage of two unequal mates. Alice Toklas referred to Henry James' still-disturbing remark about a couple—men or women, friends, lovers or husband and wife—living only on the spiritual capital of the poorer one. Gertrude and Alice had doubled theirs. They were a conglomerate, if the metaphor can retain any sense of privacy, of interlocking relationships—intellectual and emotional, physical and sentimental, and aesthetic. They were the complete couple even in the sense of a child completing the pair. Gertrude's books were the children, organically conceived and formed, organically alive in a continuous present. One might even risk a reflection on the cross-fertilization of G. and A., though Alice fiercely insisted on her non-influence in comparison, say, with "landscape." It is in one of Alice's *Letters*, here



collected, all written after Gertrude Stein's death in 1946 and shortly before her own in 1967, a few weeks short of her 90th birthday. I had known them the last two years of their four decades together and Alice until her child-size coffin was lowered beside Gertrude's in the tomb at the Père Lachaise cemetery. I mention it merely to indicate I knew them when all passions, presumably, had been spent, except those of the mind, and further to remark that Alice's *Letters* do not unlock her heart, though she cracks the door open for Carl Van Vechten and a very few women.

There was passion, however, in that five-sided, five-motored companionship which is love, though Gertrude, too, even in their most passionate flight, was discreet. They were both 19th century ladies, and as Alice always said, "Gentlemen do not tell." Why then dig in to disclose it? Because of the lesson of that complete couple. Because in the beginning—as in the end of every revolutionary dream—is the couple: the relation of one to one to one.

They had met in Paris in 1907 and lived together from 1909, when Gertrude, in the struggle of creation, had greatest need of Alice's courage and encouragement, intelligence and sensibility. And one Sunday evening Gertrude came from the atelier "much excited." She would not sit down as Alice's cooking cooled. She insisted on Alice's reading what she had just written. It was a love letter characteristically in the form of a literary portrait called *Ada*, and thus, and only thus, publishable. "Trembling was all living, living was all loving, some one was then the other one. Certainly this one was loving this Ada then. And certainly Ada all her living then was happier in living than any one else who ever could, who was, who is, who ever will be living."

Alice, poignantly of Gertrude, 36 years later: "And now she is gone and there can never be any happiness again."

And Alice's Jamesian style—the physiognomy, as Hegel would put it, of her mind—in a letter to Mercedes de Acosta: "The Kinsey reports are too hopelessly dull. As you say so rightly American sex is the most banal point from which to study our compatriots—it is so small a part of their character—and completely lacking in their subtlety and complexity."

To be sure, this is Alice Toklas, age 75, in one of the rarest of references to sexuality. In another, she spanks a Stein enthusiast for his public lectures on "the subject of sexuality as an approach to an understanding of Gertrude's work."

Alice protests too much; and there is, I admit, a second purpose to the last two quotations. Gertrude and Alice have become the heroes of the lesbian nation. So be it, they should be, sexuality and all, but not sexuality as all. In the lifetime relationship of a couple, Alice tells us, as Nietzsche before her, who said it of "marriage," and the words that follow are his: "talk occupies most of the time." And as Publius Syrus put it centuries before *him*, "It is mind, not body, that makes marriage last." To have seen the truth of this in the last years of Gertrude's and Alice's life together was the great lesson. There were others. Gertrude wrote, Alice typed, and cooked, and kept house and sat with wives of geniuses. They found *their* equilibrium, as each couple must.—**Joseph Barry**

Three Dylan-influenced singers—all with Dylan qualities and something else

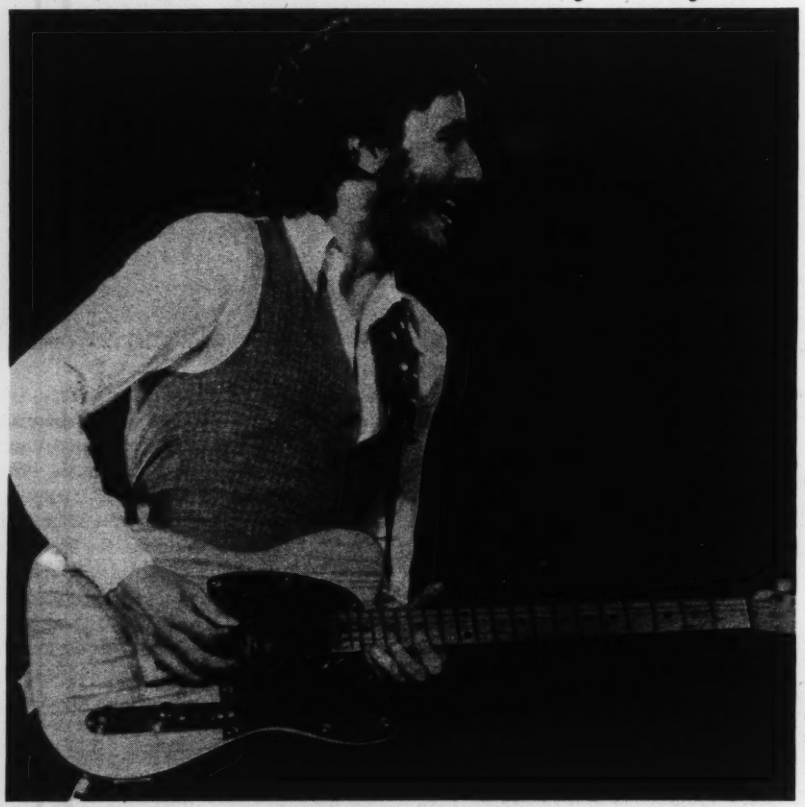
By Janet Maslin

It's a time-honored rule that most rock writers learn the hard way (and most record companies never learn at all): don't *ever* compare an artist to Bob Dylan and expect the performer to take it as a compliment. He knows, and you know too, that you hardly mean to suggest that he does it *better* than Dylan—and thus he's bound to wax resentful about why you even bothered to make the comparison. Because equating a musician to Bob Dylan is tantamount to calling him merely derivative, and calling him "the next Bob Dylan" is surely the gravest insult of all. The next Bob Dylan will be, by definition, someone so fresh and so revolutionary that he or she won't sound like the last Bob Dylan at all.

Nevertheless, what other point of reference can there be for the occasional new singer-songwriters with gravel in the throat and a certain messianic twinkle in the eyes? It is impossible to think about John Prine, Elliott Murphy or Bruce Springsteen without noting their more pointedly Dylanesque qualities. Each has the stance of a high-fashion street rebel, each delivers aggressively rough-edged vocals, and each is trying his hand at some variant on Dylan's the-world-is-a-circus lyrics. All of them at one time were subjects of sizable "the next Bob Dylan" promotion campaigns by their respective record companies. Springsteen was brought to Columbia by John Hammond, the man who signed Bob Dylan.

However, one nice thing about artists who've been heavily influenced by Dylan is that they tend to be far more talented than artists who derive from, say, Blood, Sweat and Tears. Familiar sounding or no, Prine, Murphy and Springsteen all boast their own definite staying power.

John Prine, who like Dylan, comes from the Midwest, used to be a mailman, dresses like a secularized cowboy and sounds superficially like Early Bob. Prine's voice is gritty, his range might politely be described as limited, and to make up for that he gets a lot of mileage out of such creative phrasing techniques as the wry turn, the country cadence, the sardonic chuckle and so forth. He has the kind of style that would probably benefit from the sparest possible production, but all of his three albums – especially the latest one, *Sweet Revenge*—have had their sights set on a bigger-band sound than Prine can really keep up with. So he winds up conveying an eerie sense of what might have happened to Dylan himself if someone had insisted, back in his *Freewheelin'* days, that he simply couldn't make it without a cord on his guitar and a girls' chorus



Bruce Springsteen's "brand of rebel chic is decidely Third World."

in the background.

Prine's songs are shot full of pop surrealism ("How'd you like to die in the house of mirrors/ With nobody around to close your eyes?") à la Bob, but his attitude is far less abrasive than the shades, the cowboy boots or the flat notes might lead you to expect. He likes to write about simple little people leading simply dreary lives ("Hello In There," "Angel From Montgomery"), but he does it with compassion. Respect. A sense of humor (how else could anybody turn out a "Dear Abby" song?), and a lot of other qualities not readily associated with Early Dylan. Because Prine is, in spirit, not very much like Bob Dylan at all; he just happens to sound that way. He merely suggests the phase in Dylan's career when Dylan himself was trying to sound like everyone else.

Elliott Murphy, on the other hand, sounds like Dylan because he works at it. Elliott is fixated on the most musically complex of Dylan's periods, the *Highway 61/Blonde On Blonde* era. So for his first album, *Aquashow*, Murphy borrows Bob's band arrangements, Bob's chord changes, Bob's harmonica playing and even Bob's piano man (Frank Owens, who sat in on "Like A Rolling Stone"). He also borrows, of course, some of Bob's pop cynicism ("Hey, what's the news from the fashion world/ Is it long or short, is it straight or curled?"), and as much of Bob's vocal phrasing as he decently can. Murphy's voice is high-pitched and a little on the ephemeral side, but even that doesn't stop him; he winds up approximating Dylan's 1966 style as closely as anyone save Bob himself could (or would).

All of which would be fine if turning into Bob (and turning back the clock) were all Murphy had in mind—but he wants to be F. Scott Fitzgerald, too, with maybe a dash of Lou Reed for good measure. His album jacket photo was shot in the Plaza Hotel, and it captures him in the nattiest of white suits. He bills himself as a Rock and Roll Great Gatsby, and one of his songs even drops a casual reference to Dr. T. J. Eckleburg.

Murphy is, in short, an interesting, but as yet still derivative, songwriter whose identity problems are easily the most intriguing thing about him. He grew up in Garden City, L.I., where he discovered both Fitzgerald and Dylan and also learned to surf. His father, Elliott Sr., ran the Aquashow (hence the album's title) and maintained two Cadillacs, while Elliott Jr. developed a serious case of the Garden City Blues. So young Murphy naturally gravitated to the period in which Dylan (who could make surburban kids feel like rebels) was at his most witty and literate (and also at his most familiar, as far as white middle-class kids from Long Island were concerned). However, whether or not there is anything new to be mined from the bizarre netherworld of Gatsby Rock still remains to be seen.

Elliott Murphy mixes Dylan's '66 style with Scott Fitzgerald and Lou Reed.

Ex-mailman John Prine, who "sounds superficially like Early Bob."

Bruce Springsteen (*he* hails from Asbury Park) is something else again. Bruce seems to be, on the evidence of his first two albums (*The Wild, The Innocent & The E Street Shuffle* is his most recent), the essence of Late Dylan: what Bob might've amounted to if he'd actually been able to stay with it. Like any Dylan derivative worth his highway shoes, Springsteen has his fits of lurid imagery ("Now the greasers, oh they tramp the streets or get busted for sleepin' on the beach all night. . ."), but he also has extraordinary raw energy and a feeling for the contagious excitement of street rhythm performance. The Band and Van Morrison are other noticeable influences on him. Latin and jazz strains are prominent in his arrangements and *his* particular brand of rebel chic is decidedly Third World (beard, undershirt, sneakers). His songs are long and complex, his arrangements so original that he ultimately sounds more like himself than he does anyone else. In fact, Columbia really did Bruce something of an injustice when, with the release of his first album, they began touting him as a contender in those tired-out "next Bob Dylan" sweepstakes. Bruce just might turn out to be even more interesting than that. ●

FINAL TRIBUTE

High Noon for Tex Ritter, who to the end believed in Good vs. Evil

By Mark Goodman

Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'
On this our wedding day,
Do not forsake me, oh my darlin'
Wait, wait along.*

Long before the androgynous sound of David Bowie and the alleycat fury of Bette Midler, long before the Stones or the Beatles or Frankie Lyman and the Teenagers or the Crewcuts, the country heard a different strummer. It heard long-shanked, rawhide men sing of hard times and open prairies, of lost loves and cheatin' wimmen, of soil and cattle and the perils of drink and violent death. That's very chic stuff these days, but the old troubadours didn't sing for the uptown crowd; they sang for people who really watched crops die and really did beat each other senseless in tinhorn saloons. Balladeers of a different time, they had monickers: Roy and Hank and Jimmy. And just plain Tex.

I do not know what fate awaits me
I only know I must be brave,
And I must face a man
who hates me . . .
Or lie a coward in my grave!*

Ritter, of course, was not born Tex. He was christened Woodward Maurice Ritter back in 1905 in Murvaul, Panola County, Texas. But Tex Ritter he became; known universally as "America's most beloved cowboy," he sang songs of the land like no one before or since. He fit just about all the Hardshell Baptist cliches save one: he was no ignorant rube. A good ole boy he surely was, but he also graduated from the University of Texas with a BA in political science and even attended Northwestern University Law School until, he once wrily noted, "There weren't any more dishes to wash."

So he up and went to New York and sang the songs he had been singing since he was a boy, about wayward winds and a heaven plumb full of hillbillies. When he went to Hollywood he made no fewer than 87 westerns, and he did his own riding and gunslinging.

There was a rock-bound, copper-sheathed quality that stamped a Tex Ritter movie, a quality he defined very simply. "Right always won," he said. "In modern movies you get naked for a while, you drink for a while, and then you get naked again. Maybe they're gettin' truer to life and maybe that's good. I always thought the Westerns we made were more or less morality plays."

In the most famous morality play of all, *High Noon*, with Tex singing the title song unseen throughout, Ritter was as much a star as Cooper or Kelly. *High Noon*, in fact, is the definitive American morality play, embodying all the virtues we hold dear—or rather, used to tell ourselves we held dear. The lawman, tall, strong, silent and good, gives up his badge to marry a girl. Ah, but an outlaw has vowed to kill him, and he cannot run. Never mind that his beautiful bride says she will leave him. He must stand like a man, with nothing to sustain him but his prairie courage and Tex Ritter's rendition of the haunting ballad, and face silver-spurred, stone-eyed Frank Miller.

Tex tried to put his simple beliefs into practice. He was a moderately wealthy man, No. 1 star of Grand Ole Opry, the only Country & Western singer ever named to both the Cowboy Hall of Fame and the Country Music Hall of Fame. But he wanted to be taken more seriously; he wanted to help out. So he ran for governor of Tennessee, later for the U.S. Senate. He lost both times with consummate good grace, saying, hell, it's better to be loved than to be taken seriously, anyway. Shortly after the New Year, Tex Ritter, while visiting a friend in the county jail, died of a heart attack.

We like to think that the Tex Ritters of this world die with their boots off in painless beds, the snuffling womenfolk gathered round. But nowadays? These are scarcely times that good, simple men leave in peace.

It must have darkened the sunset of Tex Ritter's life to see the land to which he sang his sturdy songs crawl howling toward High Noon, saddened him to watch his country ignore the low whistle of the inbound train, bearing a gaunt figure with silver spurs and eyes of stone named Frank Miller. ●

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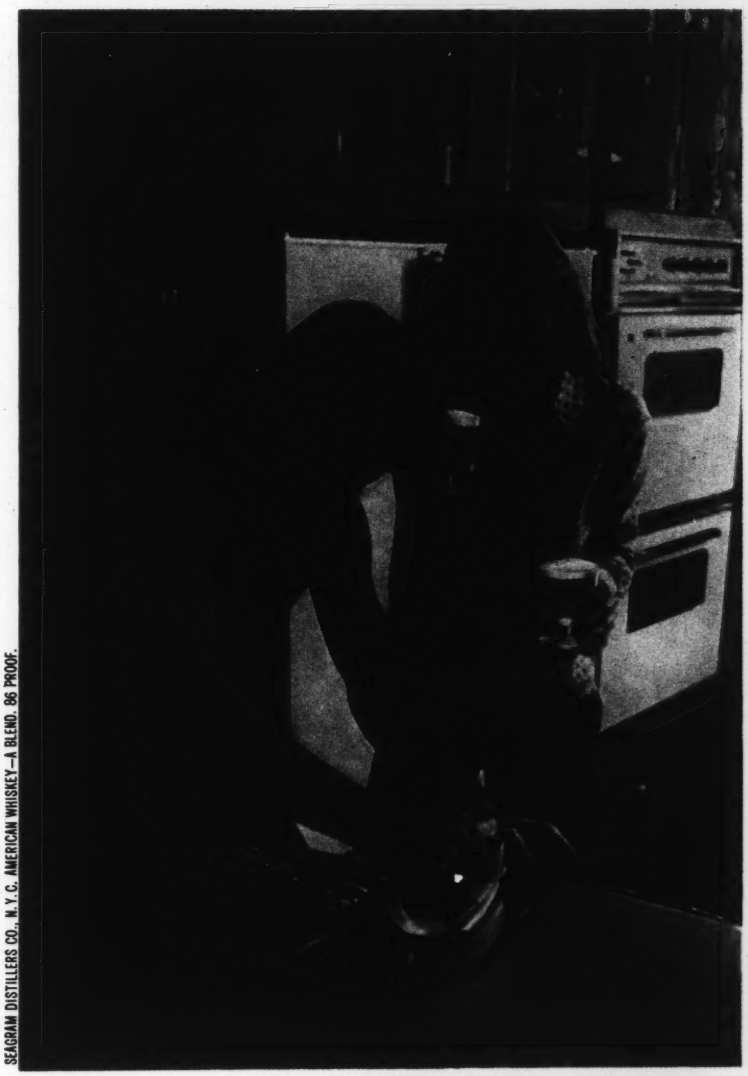
The Seven Sour.



"Let's be different," she said. "You try doing something you never did before. And so will I."

So for the first time in his life, he picked up an iron. And she tried her hand at bartending.

She squeezed some lemons into a shaker, spooned in just enough fine sugar, poured in a couple jiggers of Seagram's 7 Crown, and shook it all up with ice.

Finally she sliced an orange, opened a jar of cherries, and there they were. Seven Sours on the rocks.

He took a sip.

"Hey, you make a terrific Sour. I never thought you could do it."

"Well, don't worry," said she. "I never thought you could iron either."

Seagram's 7 Crown. It's America's whiskey.

THE SEVEN SOUR:
To the juice of one lemon, add one teaspoon fine sugar, and 1½ ounces Seagram's 7 Crown. Shake with ice. Garnish with orange slice and cherry.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 86 PROOF.

America's Favorite Cigarette Break.
Benson & Hedges
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.